

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT (Illustrated).

HINA AND FOOTBALL. By Constance Holme.

COUNTRY LIFE

AVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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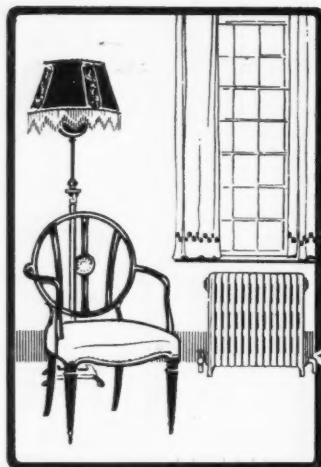
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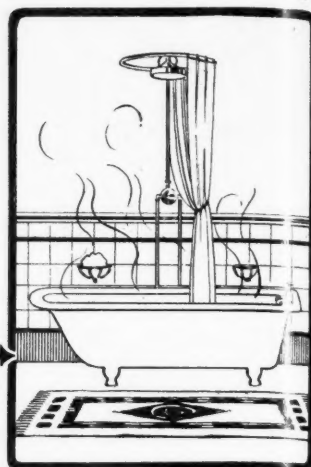
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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLIX.—No. 1264.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26th, 1921.

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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ON PET DOG.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on Pet Dog	357
The Problem of Taxation. (Leader)	358
Country Notes	359
The Twins, by Isabel Butchart	359
The Wishing Stone, by Lady Margaret Sackville	360
How Shaun Spadah won the Grand National. (Illustrated)	361
Femina and Football, by Constance Holme	363
A Famous Shooting Estate: Eastwell Park, by Max Baker. (Illustrated)	364
A Romance of the Almshouse	366
Country Home: Mersham Hatch, by Arthur T. Bolton. (Illustrated)	368
The University Golf Match Past and Present, by Bernard Darwin	376
Art and Letters in Berlin	376
The Warwickshire. (Illustrated)	377
The Brush, by Margaret Ashworth	380
Correspondence	381
"Taxable Capacity" (T. W. Bacon); The History of the Glass Bottle (C. H. B. Quennell); Early Good Condition of Trout; An Indian Hunt (E. H. Kealy); The Pine Marten in Britain (H. W. Robinson); "Early Annals of Ornithology" (H. F. and G. Witherby); The Poultry Keeping Experiment (F. G. Paynter); A Snuff-box Picture; The Bold Cuckoo (H. J. Vaughan, E. R. T. Corbett and Maud Scott); St. James's Park To-day and Yesterday; Ridding a Lawn of Daisies; Otter and Heron (H. H. Bagnall).	
The Estate Market	383
Building with Clinker Concrete: An Experiment at Sheffield, by R. Randal Phillips. (Illustrated)	384
A March Salmon, by George Southcote	385
COUNTRY LIFE Shooting Competition: Eton, by Max Baker. (Illustrated)	386
Rare Editions and Objets d'Art. (Illustrated)	lxxx.
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	lxxxii.
By the By	xc.

EDITORIAL NOTICE

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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

THE PROBLEM OF TAXATION

EVERYBODY is glad to hear that Mr. Lloyd George has agreed to meet a deputation of industrialists to hear their grievances. These have been set forth very clearly by Mr. W. Mark Webb. Industrialism it will generally be agreed is the life blood of the nation. Everything, even civilisation and national existence itself, depends upon it. That would probably be agreed to by everybody. Industrialism in the past has been nourished by the savings of the citizens. That is more particularly true of what we may call the era of the limited liability company, which brought shareholding within the reach of those who had only small incomes. In pre-war times nearly everybody who was earning more than a living wage tried to purchase, from his or her savings, shares in a company. It might be one that the investor was personally connected with. He might derive his living from it or be concerned in its affairs in some way that would enable him to judge whether it was worthy of his confidence or not. Others put their money in great companies which had acquired the confidence of the public and retained it for a lesser or greater length of time. Thus there was a continual flow of money from the earnings of the salaried and wage-earning classes into industry. In this

way funds were provided for extending old enterprises and establishing new. That this was a very desirable state of things must be taken for granted: no one would seriously dispute it. But the financier has another problem to consider at the same time. The country got head over ears in debt during the war, and no one will question the great desirability of getting rid of the burden: were it to hang over us for an unreasonable length of time it would bring us to complete ruin.

Up to a certain point a Chancellor of the Exchequer is to be commended for taking the best means available for reduction of debt. It is obvious, however, that he may go too far in that direction. If, for instance, he exacts more in the way of taxes than the citizen can pay, his attempts at liberating the country from debt will plunge it into deeper trouble. The process we have described would in the end destroy taxpayers altogether. The Chancellor of the Exchequer must, then, carefully weigh the advantages of reducing national debt against the disadvantages of taking from the citizen all that part of his earnings not required to keep him alive. In other words, he must leave a margin. The contention of the industrialists whom Mr. Lloyd George has consented to meet is that this margin does not exist any longer. The taxes, and particularly the income tax, weigh so heavily on the resources of the middle-classes that nothing is left for investment. On the contrary, it occurs in many instances that, to meet the demands of the income tax collector, securities have to be realised. As long as this process goes on it means the impoverishment of the nation and, eventually, exhaustion.

In regard to these general principles there is scarcely any room for a difference of opinion. The truth is self-evident. But the industrialists will have to go into the matter in more detail in order to show that the taxpayer with an average income and an average necessary expenditure and an average way of living is unable to meet the requirements of the Revenue without having recourse to what he has saved in pre-war years. The case of any man who earns, say, between £800 and £1,800 will serve. We must suppose him in the prime of life or just a trifle beyond it, with responsibilities in the shape of children to educate and, perhaps, a house to keep up such as he has built for himself out of his savings. It would be better, in fact, to take an actual example and let an account of what money he is bound to find for the State be made out so as to show its proportion to his total earnings and what he has left for obligatory payments after those of the Inland Revenue and the rates of the local authorities have been paid. Then what he pays for the education of his children must be added to that sum and, properly speaking, it should also be increased by the amount that he pays for insurance annually since, if he were to die with no such provision made, those who had depended upon him would become an expense to the community at large. We hope the deputation will be prepared with several cases of this kind so that what the national demand amounts to may be brought home not only to the Prime Minister but to the public at large. A case presented on these lines worked out with thoroughness and detail would place the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a position to know what should be done. Many courses would be open to him. He could lower the income tax so as to admit of a reasonable surplus to the payer at the end of the year. No one is likely to urge upon him the need of altogether ceasing the process of debt redemption, but he might very reasonably be asked to consider whether excessive taxation is or is not causing the producing power of the taxpayer to decrease. Obviously, if he could get on to the right line and let the citizen pay an honestly fair share of taxation, but at the same time have enough left to sustain industry, the redemption of the debt would come later of itself, because, after all, it depends upon saving. If there is no saving the country must inevitably go from bad to worse.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sales of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

MR. BONAR LAW has always been so much respected by all parties in the House of Commons that it is no wonder that his resignation has called forth universal expressions of regret. We hope that his withdrawal from politics will only be temporary. Both the expert who was called in and his own doctor are of opinion that six months' rest, free from the worry and anxiety of Parliamentary strife, will enable him to regain his old hardy strength. We understand that he is going to the South of France and that he intends to pursue only his two favourite recreations, which are tennis and chess. One might have imagined that the latter would be as tiring and wearisome to him as finance, but that is not so in reality. The joy of meeting over the chessboard an opponent worthy of his steel has always had the effect of reviving the combativeness which is part of his character.

A GREAT landowner has passed away in the person of Earl Brownlow. He had many sides to his character, but his neighbours and those of a lower rank than himself were concerned mainly with his virtues as a landlord. It was a common saying that nobody who took a holding under him ever left: they liked both the man and his methods, and his farms were very seldom vacant for any length of time. His successor would have been Harry Cust—nobody spoke of him under any other name than Harry—but he died at an early stage in the war, just when he was full of activity and zeal for his work of reconstruction. Lord Brownlow's successor is the Hon. Adelbert Brownlow, who may be trusted to continue the traditions connected with the property. He now becomes Baron Brownlow, the earldom dying out with its late possessor.

THE *Daily Chronicle* is to be congratulated on starting a good agitation when it advocates the adoption of a "keep to the left" rule on the pathway. At present streets like the Strand are often nearly impassable just now—indeed, they are in that condition more or less during the whole of the year; and, whether the pedestrian keeps to the left or the right, he is certain to encounter jostlers who follow an exactly opposite rule, with the result that there are stoppages and small collisions and hindrances and outbursts of temper, whereas if a "keep to the left" rule were rigidly enforced there would be less danger, more comfort, and the pedestrian could move about much more quickly. In the North—in Edinburgh for instance—this "keep to the left" rule has been in force as long as we can remember, and it works very well indeed. But then the sons and daughters of Edina had a special training in the days when it was not a mere imaginative thing to allude to "the sixteenth storey where himself was born." Going up

and down, usually in the dark, the inhabitants had a cry which, as far as we can remember, was "Wa' or stair?" and by that means they avoided banging into one another. So when the streets came to be crowded they were quick to invent a similar method of making progression easy.

IT seems that there is going to be a severe crisis in the tobacco trade, the situation being as follows: After the heavy duty which was placed upon cigars a great many people stopped smoking them, with the result that millions of capital are sunk in cigars which realise nothing; wherefore, says the tobacconist, it will be necessary, unless the duty on cigars is lightened, to increase the price of tobacco. From that it would seem that the trade in tobacco has been subsidised by the profit from cigars. However, tobacco is a very dear commodity to-day compared with what it was, and it would very likely happen that if prices were raised, there would be such a diminution of the number of buyers as would be equal to the loss now sustained. The facts adduced were that retailers had been deprived of a profit of half a million, and the State lost income tax on this amount. The income from taxation on cigars for this year, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer estimates at £313,000, is less than half what he obtained in 1919. There are at present forty million cigars in bond, and retailers, hotels and restaurants have on their shelves cigars to the value of £2,000,000. The tobacconists are not following a sound policy when they threaten to tax tobacco because nobody buys cigars.

THE TWINS.

So many years have flung their shadows o'er me
Since you (and my heart) died;
So many years may stretch away before me,
Empty, unsatisfied.

Can we forget those years, and some to-morrow
Be one again, in truth?
Ah! how explain my weariness and sorrow
To your eternal youth?

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THE University Sports which ended in a tie were extraordinarily well worth the seeing, and the crowd was worked up to a fine frenzy of excitement by several of the races. Intervals of dulness there were, as there always must be. Despite Nokes' very fine throwing and the comforting fact that he was not a Rhodes Scholar but a home product, the hammer was tedious and the weight worse. The jumps, too, though vitally affecting the result, could not thrill the majority of the spectators, who had little idea who was winning them. However, no one has really any right to complain who saw in one afternoon the return match between Rudd and Butler in the quarter, Stallard's mile, the beautiful hurdling of Trowbridge, the American, and Partridge's brave race with him, Montague's courageous and finely judged three miles, and last, possibly best of all, Mountain's electrifying spurt in the half.

THE Sports came near to being the converse of those last year. Then Oxford, largely through Rudd's great running, snatched an unexpected win. This year it seemed as if the very best Cambridge could hope for was a draw; but, if their long jumpers had not failed them while Ingrams rose to the occasion for Oxford, they would have won. Rudd was clearly not the glorious runner that he was last year, but if his quarter was his swan song for Oxford it was no unworthy one. He tried to get away and gain such a lead from Butler as should just bring him home. Helped by the fact that the Cambridge man had to run wide at one of the corners, he very nearly succeeded, but he lacked just the "devil" that would have pulled him through. Butler bounding down the straight after him was as fine a sight as athletics have to show, and no one who saw the two quarters of 1920 and 1921 is likely to forget them for a long time to come.

THE late Peter Mitchell was a squatter on the Upper Murray in Australia and he left behind him a fortune of half a million. This sum he disposed of in an original

and admirable manner. As we understand him, he did not find fault with those who leave their money to the weak, the ailing and the poor, but he preferred, himself, to benefit the strong because he reckoned that would ultimately be of the greatest advantage to the country. He divided his estate into twenty-one parts, and seven of these parts are to be devoted to annual prizes for unmarried females not exceeding thirty years of age, British subjects and *bona-fide* residents of the Commonwealth, of a white race and not the offspring of first cousins. He directed his executors to choose these prize-winners on the grounds of physical excellence, freedom from hereditary taint or disease and in a reasonable belief that each "is a person who may be calculated generally to bear and rear normal, healthy children." In addition to all this, the candidate is to have a certain knowledge of history, geography, and so on. She is also to be a practical housekeeper, to know something of domestic economy and the necessity for clean and sanitary surroundings and the best practical means of attaining them. Although we are far from wishing that the needy should be forgotten there is much to be said in praise of Peter Mitchell's way of disposing of his fortune. Fifteen thousand pounds a year will be available for the trust, and if the trustees do their duty it will be well laid out.

THE merits of a parlour in the new houses being built for working men have often been discussed, but they have never been set forth more conveniently than in the new novel by Miss Constance Holme which is reviewed in another part of the paper. "There were people who said that poor folks didn't need a parlour, but of course they couldn't have understood what it really meant. Old Mr. T., however, had understood, although you couldn't have driven him into his own beautiful drawing-room even with whips. He knew that a parlour was a kind of private church, where you locked up the things that were precious to you, and went away happy because they were safe. So he had always insisted upon a parlour in each of his houses, though he took care to make it the right size; not too big so that it would mean worry and work, and yet more than sufficiently big to hold treasures and dreams."

WE have received from the Duchess of Bedford a protest about including her name with that of the late Mr. Lydekker as a believer in the winter cuckoo. That impression was erroneous, although it remained tenaciously in the mind of the writer. Her Grace, without attempting to say that there could not possibly be an appearance of the cuckoo in the winter months, showed herself very sceptical about the story told by Mr. Lydekker. It was the naturalist alone who was really misled by the clever imitation of a small boy; nor did we mean to say that he came under any ban as a naturalist because of that. The cuckoo's note is the most easily imitable in nature, and it often happens that a schoolboy can, by using it, cheat the bird itself. Hence, perhaps, the number of times when its arrival has been announced at an abnormally early date. The Duchess, too, is a very distinguished naturalist, but she does not possess so confiding a temperament as was exhibited by Mr. Lydekker on that historic occasion. In spite of her disbelief and his faith, and the publicity given to the incident, it is curious that this year announcements of an early arrival of the cuckoo have been more numerous than ever before.

ONE of the great excitements of the coming summer will assuredly be the International Polo match. We are reminded of it by the announcement that the American players hope to arrive at their headquarters at Hampton Court on April 15th, after which they will at once begin practice. It is well known that they are going to make the strongest possible attempt to recover the Polo Ashes. Preparations have been going on ever since the Armistice, and even before that. The greatest pains were taken to collect ponies, and these have wintered on Salisbury Plain and are said to be doing excellently. So everything points to an exciting match.

ONE is very glad to learn that even one writer for the *Daily Herald* occasionally not only looks at the advertisements in COUNTRY LIFE, but actually reads the opinions expressed in its editorial pages. We hope he will continue that useful habit. It would be most unreasonable to expect that at this early stage he would be able to answer argument with argument. Instead he resorts to the primitive device of exclaiming "you're another." But that carries us nowhere. The welfare of the working man is the most valuable asset of the nation. It is on that that the welfare of England depends. If Mr. Emil Davies, the writer to whom we have referred, would spend a little of his time in a study of pedigrees he would learn, probably to his astonishment, that nearly all the rich, all the great families in Britain trace back to labour—labour at a time when it was not dry-nursed and sheltered and made helpless. The pages of "Burke" afford living proof that the worker of the past had "a survival value." Dean Inge, among others, argues that if you assist the man who could "fend for himself" and not depend upon other people, if you shelter those who are strong enough and vigorous enough to take care of themselves, you are injuring the race. One of the sentences quoted from these columns was to the effect that every civilian who can pay his way has to contribute something approaching half of what it costs another citizen to live. Why should one set of workers be forced to subsidise another class is the question, and to it there can be no satisfactory reply.

THE WISHING-STONE.

Before the road is chosen,
Which I must tread alone,
I'll climb at early morning
To yonder Wishing-Stone.

Over the hills at cock-crow,
By hill-ways stiff and stark,
Whilst the new day comes peep'g
Faint through the early dark;

And wish:—that all my wishing
May quickly be undone,
And all my granted wishes
Ungranted every one!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

IN the many references to the bi-centenary of Tobias Smollett there was little attempt made to compare him with his famous and hated rival Fielding. It is no wonder that these two men disliked each other. To begin with, Smollett was Scotch and Fielding English, but if they had both been born in the same parish, their dispositions were so opposite that we cannot imagine them as having been friendly to one another. As writers there is no comparison. Sir Walter Scott never thought of calling Smollett the father of the English novel, but applied that term to Fielding again and again. If we compare the combined ease and scholarship of Fielding's narrative style with that of Smollett, still more if comparison be made between the easy Chaucerian freedom of Fielding and the grossness of Smollett, there can be only one opinion. The uncritical lump them together just as they do Dickens and Thackeray or George Eliot and Jane Austen. English readers pay very much less heed to style and finish than do, for example, the French.

MR. THOMAS BURKE, author of "Limehouse Nights," "Twinkletoes," "Nights in Town," etc., has recently completed a thousand-mile tour of industrial England, at the commission of COUNTRY LIFE. He has visited all those towns which lie off the map of the ordinary tourist of "beautiful England" and claims to have discovered a new "beautiful England"—of smoke, chimneys and factories. Readers of Mr. Burke's books are acquainted with his enthusiasm for "townscapes," and in his articles—the first of which will appear in an early number of COUNTRY LIFE—he discovers the monstrous beauty of our mining and manufacturing towns and the ugly domestic conditions of their people. The articles will be illustrated by some striking camera studies.

HOW SHAUN SPADAH WON THE GRAND NATIONAL

AN AMAZING "RACE"



THE GRAND NATIONAL: THE START.

IT was altogether an amazing Grand National Steeplechase last week, and from a whole array of facts and impressions two features stand out clearly and are unforgettable. One was the presence of the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry and Princess Mary, and the very real interest they took in the event. The other thing was unique—the fall or refusal of thirty-four of the horses, leaving only one, the winner, of course, to escape mishap of any kind. A real hero, then, in the fullest sense was the winner, Mr. T. McAlpine's Shaun Spadah, ridden by Fred Rees and trained by George Poole at Lewes. The survival of only one horse in a Grand National field is not unique of itself, for it happened in 1911, when Mr. Frank Bibby's Glenside came in alone; but it was unique in that as many as thirty-four horses should, from one cause or another, fail to stand up or jump.

If I say at once that there were many in the field with absolutely no pretensions to competing in the race, to say nothing of winning it, I may be offering a partial explanation of the extraordinary amount of grief and woe.

The first notable horse to come to grief was Garryvoe. They had not gone much further before Daydawn, a particular fancy of the *cognoscenti*, was on the "floor," as also was Eamon Beag.

And so it went on. There were loose horses chasing about the back stretches, Becher's way, and the grief was almost entirely due to the mistakes of the victims. No jockey that I know of came back and said he had been unlucky to be knocked over by a falling horse or even a loose horse. Thus, we may not blame the size of the field for the great "grief," though I do believe it was the cause of several falling at the first and second fences. Jockeys were naturally anxious to be well placed at them, and horses are not given a fair chance to jump big fences if their riders will race their horses into them. Just fancy only half a dozen getting safely over the water jump, which may be said to mark the half-way stage! They were Turkey Buzzard, The Bore, Shaun Spadah, Forewarned, All White and Glencorrig. There was little between the first five, and we saw Shaun Spadah nearly come on to his head on landing. It was the one mistake he made and was the result of taking off too soon. He ought to have put in a little quick one there!

Some ugly fences come within the next mile, including Becher's, and, before it had been traversed, only two were still on their legs with jockeys intact. Shaun Spadah and The Bore (third in last year's race) were travelling smoothly side by side, and as they left the Canal and turned for home it was seen that the former was going the better. We knew that for a certainty,



HORSES AND JOCKEYS TUMBLING AT THE FIRST JUMP.



TAKING THE FIRST FENCE.

for it was because he was beaten that Mr. Harry Brown's gallant old horse fell on landing over the second fence from home. Great was the shout from thousands of throats as it was realised that Shaun Spadah was left in his glory with only one fence more to jump. This wonderful jumper was quietly steadied by the splendid horseman he carried and he took it perfectly. Then, hack cantering, he came along to claim the great prize, the freshest horse I have ever seen win a Grand National.

Meanwhile Mr. Brown had broken a collarbone when he fell with The Bore, and the reins had parted; but there was assistance close by, and the plucky rider, though dazed, was helped back into the saddle. Actually he only had the use of the near-side rein, and with the horse practically his own master, what was to happen? It was of immense importance to get over that last fence and qualify for second prize and the big place bets hanging in the balance. The horse was set cantering again and, going into the corner of the fence, he took off and somehow got to the other side. Then, bearing to the left, he came along close to the enclosures and so finished to the accompaniment of great cheering. Surely no other Grand National horse has ever finished where he did. After an interval All White and Turkey Buzzard—the latter remounted after three falls—came along to finish, the former gaining third place. Such, in brief, is the story of the race.

Why should there have been this extraordinary slaying of all except one, a sort of wholesale massacre by the fences? We know they are big ones and are only for "leppers" of genuine capacity, but there must be a reason. The question of jockeyship, or perhaps I should say horsemanship, naturally arises, and we must accept it as a contributory factor of undoubted importance. One cannot fail to notice that Rees, who won on Shaun Spadah, and Mr. Harry Brown are about the best riders we have over fences or hurdles; some lacked experience of Aintree, and, with it, other qualifications that go to make up a first class man for this particular line of country. They may

lack judgment, rather than nerve; with one or two I would rather put it the other way round. A third factor is, no doubt, the hopelessness of some of the horses as Grand National propositions.

Shaun Spadah is a bay ten year old gelding by a horse called Easter Prize and was, of course, bred in Ireland. It may be three or four years ago that he was bought for an owner in England, who came to pass him on to his present owner, Mr. McAlpine. Then soon after last Christmas he changed from an Epsom stable to Poole's stable at Lewes. That trainer has been most successful, and he has certainly worked wonders with the horse, improving him and putting on much more muscle than he ever had before. His jumping has at all times appealed to me, and in last week's notes I remarked: "As he is such a remarkably safe jumper I would not be at all surprised to see him pull through."

His jockey, Fred Rees, used to ride as an amateur and so was entitled to use the "Mr." to his name. He has not long been a front ranker, and I well remember when Mr. Gorham, who owns and breeds a few horses at Telscombe, in Sussex, first gave him a chance to ride in public. That was just before the war, in which he served first as an infantry officer and then in the R.A.F. He is undoubtedly a very fine jockey, and the highest honours have been really well earned. He rides short, which is an answer to those who argue that such a seat will never get a Grand National horse home a winner. It is nevertheless a joy to see him ride a horse over fences while in hurdle racing he has no superior, his fine "hands," judgment of pace and strong finishing powers telling with tremendous effect. On the day following the Grand National he won the important Liverpool hurdle race on Mr. F. W. Ingram's Lord Thanet, a lightly weighted horse, which a week before had run second to Trespasser (conceded 35lb. and a big beating) for the Imperial Cup at Sandown Park. Here there was no Trespasser to intervene, and I have no doubt the Sandown Park race brought on Lord Thanet by 7lb. or so. It was a fine double event for Rees.

But what adequate words of praise can be found for the trainer, Poole, who prepared Shaun Spadah and Lord Thanet for their triumphs? He came very near to achieving a wonderful treble, for in the middle of the week the four year old mare Senhora, in the colours of Major David Davies, ran an excellent second for the Lincolnshire Handicap, which Soranus, a four year old son of Polymelus, placed to the credit of Mr. S. B. Joel. Senhora had been well galloped and was much expected to win. She made a great show in the race and it was only in the last half furlong that Soranus overhauled her to go on and win by two lengths.

The success of Soranus was an amazing event, for this horse had been stopped in his work, and it is against all the canons of training for a horse apparently short of work to win a big handicap so early in the year. At one time he was undoubtedly much fancied by his trainer, E. de Mestre, who now has charge of Mr. Joel's horses, and he was then backed at half the odds of 33 to 1, which was the starting price. The fact of the long price shows how hopes had evaporated, and, therefore, to see this horse running on stoutly at the head of affairs at the winning post was an astonishing sight. He is a very fine bay horse by Polymelus and was bred by his owner at Maiden Erlegh. This race for the Lincolnshire Handicap brought out an unwieldy field, which



W. A. Rouch.

SORANUS, BY POLYMELUS—SUN ANGEL.
Winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap.

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included some very bad horses that could not have won under any weight, but it was specially notable for the rout of all the greatly fancied horses—Ugly Duckling, Corn Sack, Poltava,

Clarion and Earna. They were never in it, with the exception of Clarion, which ran a stout-hearted race and just missed depriving Queen's Guild of third place.
PHILIPPOS.

FEMINA AND FOOTBALL

By CONSTANCE HOLME.

"MOTHER," I said, dropping in, as one does nowadays, after a thirty mile motor run, for a short "crack," "I have this afternoon seen eleven young ladies in jerseys, bare knees and shorts, playing at football with eleven other young ladies in jerseys, shorts and bare knees."

My mother, who is over eighty, who was born before the penny post or the London and North Western or the first English ironclad, and can tell you stirring tales of the Last of the Yeomen—"such a nice fellow he was, and so handsome—a great man with the ladies—but of course he ended by taking to drink"—was not in the least perturbed. You are not easily perturbed when you have felt the earth shake under half a dozen great wars, and have stood the shock of motors, monoplanes, Marconi and the first woman Member of Parliament. Somebody, however, possibly inspired by the flowing-gowned, frilled-capped grandmothers on the wall, by a sampler over the sofa, advertising the untimely death of some gifted young gentleman, and a silhouette of a *real* young lady, wearing certain portions of her apparel where we do not wear them (if any) to-day, suggested that the use of the term "lady" was—well, inartistic in an aspirant to literary honours:

"Not at all," I replied firmly. "The dictionary defines the word as 'a term of complaisance applied to any woman of refined manners.' If refined manners mean grace, quietude, dignity and total lack of self-consciousness, then—bare knees or *no* bare knees—Dick, Kerr's International Football Ladies are dictionary ladies, too."

I had just arrived from seeing my first feminine football match at Lancaster, and I was inclined to rave about it to all and sundry. It was hardly surprising, when you come to think of it, for this new and—it must be admitted—ugly democratic world had suddenly shown me something beautiful. Not something dashing or bold, or even—at the best—rather over-painfully gallant, but something beautiful because natural. Indeed, this magic touch on the canvas of modern life, which for many of us offers no more romance than the flaring efforts of a hoarding, has left me almost babblingly grateful.

Most people know by now that the famous Dick, Kerr Ladies' Team, or "Dick's Girls," as the concise call them—drawn from the employees of Dick, Kerr and Co., Preston—was formed about three and a half years ago, and that since then these Association players have won triumph after triumph, including International honours in France, Scotland and Ireland. Up to the date of the Lancaster match on March 12th—played for the benefit of the Ex-Service Men's Club—they had this season won thirty-three out of thirty-four matches and drawn one; while their goal average was 236 for to 9 against—their marvellous left-outside, Miss Parr, who is only fifteen years old, having been responsible for forty-nine goals in ten matches.

The Lancaster team, on the other hand, is a new one and so has a lot to learn, but it shaped excellently. In style, combination and individual skill it was of course played off the field; yet at the end of the afternoon the score against it was no greater than four to nothing. This was principally due to Miss Parr's over-strong shooting, the result, no doubt, of an obviously light and "nippy" ball; nevertheless, the home team put up a good fight. Its manners also were beyond reproach, and possibly it derived some consolation from the fact that the visitors' Harris, who "shot a lovely goal," as says the report, is Lancaster born or bred.

The Giant Axe ground at Lancaster, beautiful both in name and situation, provided a curious contrast in setting for this newest of new spectacles, for high above it the grimness of the old Castle and the peace of the old Parish Church looked down on it, side by side. In that church how many gracefully draped damsels had been christened and wed! In that Castle how many skirted females had been imprisoned, and (hush!) hanged? Even the Lancashire Witches, whose dungeon in the Castle is still shown, seem to have stuck to skirts in the matter of broomstick riding. . . . Further below, yet still above the field, engines and apparently unwanted trains (looking curiously old-fashioned to our suddenly speeded-up minds) did dignified sliding stunts to the slow waltz-music of a brass band.

I was a feminist of the feminists that afternoon, and I should have liked to have seen the teams played on to the field,

especially the team with international honours. But, instead, they came through the crowd and past the stands, unobtrusively and in mufti, to change at the pavilion—ex-munition and factory girls, carrying bags and studded boots, and accompanied only by a woman friend or two and a few reserves. Certainly, they had male linesmen and referee, and of course the inevitable Mayor to kick off, but they were not shepherded by any proud trainer or showman. Dick, Kerr's do not go about like a travelling circus. And when, presently, they ran out on to the ground, transformed before our astonished eyes into young goddesses and gazelles, they showed the same detached ease, the same oblivion of the thousands gathered there to see Woman put through her new paces.

Dick, Kerr's are professional footballers, and they have the quiet assurance of the best professionals, the absence of swagger and of playing in any way to the gallery. Never once did I get the impression that the girls even knew that the crowd was there, whether it cheered or reproved, or forgot its manners and laughed. Only once did I hear a player speak, only twice saw a hand raised in appeal. There was no charging, no muddling, no breathless floundering. I found myself remembering with shame certain Early-British hockey figures (of whom I was one!), distinguished by lengthy, flapping, muddy skirts, hacking sticks and loose-streaming hanks of hair. ("Not in the *best* circles!" I can hear the hockey world saying coldly.) "True!" I reply saucily, biting my thumb at them; yet to my mind there can be no question as to the relative grace and dignity of the two games. To see these girls run, to see them kick, is in itself worth more than gate-money. They do not run like men, or even like boys; they run like young Dianas. Dick, Kerr's, in their black and white striped tunics and caps and blue knickers, come up the field light and ordered as a smooth billow on a sandy coast. No. This apostate sticks to it that there is no comparison. Yet I was once a passionate member of three hockey clubs at the same time, playing both ladies' hockey and "mixed" for each!

They play the short passing game, of course, for they are true children of North End. It is perhaps natural that the first famous woman's eleven should have emerged from the same town which launched the great men's team forty years ago. North End methods are plainly visible in the style and training of these girls, and whatever may be thought of those methods by Rugby enthusiasts, there can be no doubt that the short passing game, with its quick, neat, intuitional movements, is eminently suited to women. Women, indeed, up to now, have been accused of lacking in the spirit of co-operation, but "Dick's girls" are living testimony to the contrary. Whether their present dainty passing and placing will degenerate into the machine-like nullity which is the snare of too-perfect team-work has yet to be seen. This particular game, with its tendency to repress star effort, is a natural product of the class which evolved the ideal of the trade union. That ideal is proving more or less of a Frankenstein to-day, and this, its other idol, has inherent in it the same qualities and defects. But perhaps women's supposed lack of *esprit de corps* may in this instance stand their friend. Drill them as you may, I think it will be a long time before you rob them of their elasticity—that individualised give and take which, in the Lancaster match, reminded me of the elasticity of a good orchestra.

It seems unfair, perhaps, to use the children who provided a second if somewhat incongruous item in the programme to strike a further note in an already paramount pæan of praise. Yet they certainly do so. Why these unfortunate kiddies (about twenty of them) should have been turned out in white summer frocks and stockings in a keen March wind to display a mixture of drill and that pseudo-mediaeval touch which has had such a vogue in schools and at charitable entertainments, it is difficult to imagine. Children are always delightful to watch, especially little children, but these shivering mites served for little more than to enhance the superior rightness of the New Artemis. Perhaps our ideal of beauty is at last changing. Perhaps we are really becoming more Greek in our appreciation. "Beauty vanishes; beauty passes," says Walter de la Mare, "however rare, rare it be"; but beauty also is eternally recrudescent. Rupert Brooke's intuitive question at almost the last hour of the soon-to-be-shattered world—"Is there Beauty still to find?"—may as yet be answered in the affirmative.

A FAMOUS SHOOTING ESTATE: EASTWELL PARK

BY MAX BAKER.

EASTWELL PARK, near Ashford, Kent, is remarkable as a place where Nature and man have combined to produce high pheasants. Some 4,000 and odd acres, the main portion an enclosed park, are contained inside a ring fence. Roughly speaking, the ground consists of two approximately parallel lines of hill sloping down in easy gradients to the valleys they enclose. The soil is that light loamy sand which is beloved by game, not rich from the cultivation point of view, but producing a fine, springy turf, and well adapted for the timber which is grown there. Large areas are overgrown with bracken, and here rabbits abound.

Under the guidance of Mr. Henry B. Parsons, agent to Lord Gerard, I was privileged to make a tour of the estate and to hear some details of the sport which it has provided in the past. Having discovered from examining a map of the county of Kent that this park contains what appears to be the only noteworthy sheet of inland water, I was curious enough to enquire whether use had been made of the opportunity it provided of getting large quantities of wild duck. Apparently the yearly number of mallard obtained is but little more than a score, notwithstanding that at certain times the water is said to be black with migrants seeking shelter because of adverse weather

conditions elsewhere. The occasion of my visit was unlucky, since only about fifty birds rose on our approach. Such an opportunity as this lake, managed according to modern methods, would present should add one or two thousand to the total of game afforded by the estate—this without rearing and at only a small cost in the way of feeding.

The pheasant shooting is, of course, the main feature of the estate. The ground will carry an almost unlimited number of birds, and the cost should be moderate, bearing in mind that there has generally been no difficulty in collecting the eggs required, purchases from outside only having been made in quantity on one occasion during the past twenty years or so. The situation and lay-out of the estate are of a kind to minimise losses. True, the area is not cultivated, but there is abundant roaming space and, in good seasons, a plentiful assortment of wild food. As the situation was put to me: "There is a good deal to be said for rearing pheasants on park land; you certainly have to feed your birds, but you never have claims for compensation." With the break-up of so many agricultural estates the park-reared pheasant is likely to become of increasing importance.

There are three main beats: the Home Coverts, Challock Church beat and Gravel Hill. Dealing with them in order,



THE STAND AT SKEAT'S WOOD, WITH YOUNG'S PLANTATION IN THE DISTANCE.



WHERE WALKING IS A DELIGHT.

the Home beat affords a very nice succession of drives, culminating in a really remarkable *finale*. Skeat's Wood, long and narrow, does not look as though it would supply high birds; but that it does so there is abundant testimony. Kennel Wood comes next, and forms an important link in the general strategy. Aviary Wood, next the lake, has an interesting flushing point on some nicely rising ground. Rectory Wood and Tower Wood are then taken in turn; they appear at first sight to be a continuous plantation on high ground, but are divided by a break in the middle, the shooting line being placed well back and at the foot of the slope which runs to the lake edge. Nursery Wood, an outlying plantation, is driven into Lake Wood, the last named being the *bonne bouche* of the day. Lake Wood is apparently somewhat of a freak in the pheasant-driving sense. This and Rectory Wood are together approximately V-shaped, that is, with the letter on its side. The birds are collected along the lower arm of the letter, and are slowly brought round to the upper arm, being finally assembled in the top arm, known as Rectory Plantation. So perfect are its holding properties that the guns are not placed till this stage has been reached. The line of beaters is halted at the narrow neck, a few remaining as stops, the rest going out into the road to line up outside the park wall. From this moment onwards the pheasants, without any stirring, rise out of the dense tangle of bramble in which they are collected and fly across the intervening steeply sloped field back into Lake Wood. This process goes on for some time, lasting the best part of half an hour. When there is evidence that most of the birds have passed over, the beaters climb the wall and drive out the wood, odd stragglers being all that remain. For two seasons after cutting the undergrowth, which is done about every fourteen years, exceptional care must be exercised, but otherwise the drive works almost automatically.



THE SHOOTING LINE STANDS IN THE DIP, WITH LAKE WOOD BEHIND AND RECTORY WOOD IN FRONT.



THE LAKE AT EASTWELL PARK.



FLUSHED FROM HERE THE PHEASANTS MUST FLY HIGH TO CLEAR THE WOOD.

The Challock Church beat is very interesting in another way, Brabourne Wood being its strategic centre. The first drive beats this wood clear, the subsequent drives progressively refilling it, until finally the material for a really sensational climax has been accumulated. On one occasion when the bag was only seventy pheasants the host, puzzled by the energetic fusillade which had punctuated the drive, gave private instructions that the empty cases should be collected and counted on the following day. The total exceeded 700. The following woods are driven into Brabourne: Bracken Drive, Young's Plantation, Church Wood, Round Wood, Prickledown, Well Wood and Ashes Wood, making a fine assortment of beats, each one of which might have been made specially for the purpose, slopes, plateaux and ravines having been arranged in the manner which gladdens the heart alike of host and head-keeper. Brabourne Hill Wood is a very steep incline, facing south-west and having a 162ft. fall into the valley, so that the height of the birds sent over the guns may be anything desired, and is determined by the elevation of the arranged point where their rise begins. No wire is needed, a bit of colour being sufficient to check the run forward. The wood itself contains standards, but the bulk of its growth is chestnut coppice, which finds a ready market locally, the telegraph system of hop pole not being used here so extensively as in Worcestershire. A great advantage arising out of the high marketability of the undergrowth is that woods ripe for clearing can be sold subject to fixed dates for cutting, stacking and removal.

A very interesting addition was made some years ago to Round Wood. Formerly the flushing point faced a steep valley bare of trees, the birds skimming the ground in passing from hill to hill, without offering a tempting quality of shot. Mr. Parsons therefore consented to add one small plantation to the already considerable area of timber land, the few acres which were planted transferring the flushing place to a point opposite a black wall of dense beech wood backed by the hill beyond. Our photograph, taken from just inside the wood, explains very graphically why the pheasants ceased to skim the ground and instead pursue a level flight over the tree tops. The guns, very naturally, line the track which may be seen at the foot of the slope. Challock Beat has produced 1,800 pheasants in the day.

Gravel Hill Beat mainly consists of a large wood, which is disposed equally on the two sides of a deep valley. It is divided lengthways by a broad ride, in which the guns are placed, and provides four drives. A fifth drive can, if needed, be added. One of the most interesting of the stands which I was able to examine in the time available was at the foot of an old

chalk quarry cut in the side of the hill. The precipitous sides may not have been more than 50ft. high, but I was informed, and could well believe, that the birds coming over the top proved very puzzling to the shooter whose luck it was to be stationed there. I could not satisfy myself whether the tendency would be to miss in front or behind, but I imagine the former would be the usual experience. Certainly no better place could be imagined for the installation of a clay bird trap, for rocketers of the most approved type could be sent over without the usual preliminary of building a tower.

The rabbit ground was of particular personal interest, for well I remember a certain red-letter day when the bag was 600 from a precisely similarly laid out area of parkland. Green rides divide the bracken into quarter-acre squares, and the land is literally honeycombed with holes. A fortnight of arduous preparation is needed if the area is to provide three days of continuous shooting; but for those who prefer to take the sport more gradually, say, with two guns only requiring entertainment, the available area would suffice for weekly shoots throughout the season. I was amazed when informed that if special reasons existed for quickly increasing the stock, the best plan would be to import a hundred or two of what were termed sandy does, this phrase implying doe rabbits taken from sandy banks. These are apparently in kindle shortly after the turn of the year, whereas the park rabbits are said not to commence breeding operations till April. The idea is new to me, though, of course, I know full well that the rapid building up of stock depends entirely on early cessation of shooting or trapping, in order that the does may be quiet after Christmas, the whole idea being to secure a second generation. The geometrical progression is then realised in practice. The highest bag on this ground was 3,000 odd rabbits to four guns in three days.

That past generations of owners did not appreciate high birds is proved by sundry clumps of box trees, the evident object of which was to gather the birds close against the firing line. During the past thirty years or so the main preoccupation has been to keep the pheasants from reaching these relics of an earlier fashion.

Perhaps the most personally agreeable aspect of my interesting visit was the perfect condition from a walking point of view of this highly favoured piece of land, never any clay to clog the walking, always a firm foothold and usually seductive tracks of closely nibbled turf vying with a lawn in its velvety texture. One of the most beautiful of these forms the subject of a photograph.

A ROMANCE OF THE ALMSHOUSE

ANYONE who takes up Miss Constance Holme's new novel *The Trumpet in the Dust* (Mills and Boon) in a reflective or dreamy mood will linger over the frontispiece. It is a very unusual picture wherewith to adorn the opening of a work of fiction. A photograph of almshouses suggests a substantial reality as the basis of the tale. These almshouses are not old, like many of those that have been shown from time to time in our pages. Their newness has been lost in the leafy surroundings and the tranquil air. As if to impress and authenticate this feeling of reality the photographer's name is printed below, and it is Rufus Mallinson. The little descriptive line will later on be discovered in the text, "looking towards the marsh and the park and the dim blueness of the bay,"—an out-of-the-way beautiful frontispiece yet no more out of the way than the title. It is taken from a poem by Rabin-dranath Tagore,

Let my heart beat in pain—beating the drum of thy victory.
My hands shall be utterly emptied to take up thy trumpet.

Having absorbed such food for thought as is supplied in the title page and the motto the reader will not be surprised to learn that the heroine of this romance is a charwoman. The almshouses represent her earthly paradise, her dream of Heaven where work shall be no more. The tale shows how this glory faded and its illusion melted away. The novel might be described as one of a trilogy of which the first was "Beautiful End" and the second "The Splendid Fairing." The three might be published as one book because they deal with themes not identical but closely akin to one another. In the first the end was unrelieved sadness. In the second it was found in pity and terror, but in this, the third, it comes exulting in spiritual victory. As with its predecessors the action is comprised within a very short space of time, and this curious art of knitting the threads of a story all together from the past while

the *dénouement* is already hanging over the reader is more apparent here than in its predecessors.

Mrs. Clapham is an exquisitely described specimen of her class. This means that she could never have been conceived by Charles Dickens, for instance. She is not related to Sairey Gamp that immortal specimen of the nurse of her day. She could not have been described by anybody but Constance Holme. In a way Mrs. Clapham is an artist. At difficult and critical times she finds comfort and solace in a vigorous use of brushes and soap. She has energy and apparent determination, but age does not spare the one and the other is more apparent than real. We find her at the beginning lost in a dream of being transported to the almshouses. It can only be done by election, as the efficient Lancashire business man who had founded the institution had decreed. In his time he had noticed Mrs. Clapham when she was a young and unmarried woman. He called her "Jones" as he called everybody else with whom he had business to transact and he declared that she was to have one of these houses as a home when she got past work. That moment has arrived. She has sent in her application and is awaiting the result. But to give her victory there must be adversaries, and a troop of village women is brought in which the novelist calls "the Chorus." The application of this term, however, does not do away with their individuality, which is pronounced. They are etched in with the vividness and skill of a mistress of the art. Martha Jane is one of the most original figures we have met with in recent fiction, a minx with an artistic temperament, a taste for drink, a command of bad language and the remnant of a heart carefully secreted and made visible only on rarest occasions. She was the sort of villager that made respectable women look the other way when they met her, though men did not share that feeling with them. For even when she was grown elderly she had a fascination for the other

sex. Such was Mrs. Clapham's rival for the almshouse, and she very nearly won. Another character equally well etched is the mother of the man to whom the charwoman's daughter is married. She had a saying, "but there I suppose they reckon they know their own business best" to which the magician who writes the story is able to impart a significance that makes the reader shudder every time the phrase occurs. She had ill-treated her son in life, but after he was killed in the Great War it was one of her continual assertions that she had "given him to the country," in the current phrase of the time. Tibbie, Mrs. Clapham's daughter, dies too, just at the moment of her mother's triumph, and the catastrophic end is brought about by the dishonest and inhuman attempt on the part of Emma to secure the children of the son whom she had starved and misused. The simple-minded and honest charwoman is at first deceived by her hypocritical smooth pleading, but when disabused the old spirit of independence rises in her and the almshouse suddenly assumes a hateful aspect. She takes up her trumpet from the dust; in other words, she gets hold of her brush and her soap and water and, instead of thinking any more that she had earned rest, resolves to work until she can work no more so that the children may find with her a home. It is a beautiful story told in language so exquisite that it could only have been inspired by a divine sympathy.

THE BEWCASTLE CROSS.

THE fifth volume of Professor Baldwin Brown's great work on *The Arts in Early England* (Murray) is devoted to the Ruthwell Cross, the Bewcastle Cross and the Lindisfarne Gospel. There are other chapters in addition to those devoted to these subjects, but they are ancillary, showing to some extent the stages by which the splendid



THE CHRIST OF BEWCASTLE.

art attained in these monuments was reached. Bewcastle Cross is probably the most interesting in Great Britain. The Professor, as well he may, waxes almost lyrical in describing it. It has stood, to use the author's word, "unmuseumized" for over twelve hundred years. He suggests the possibility that it marks the grave of a Northumbrian prince, and imagination whirls us back at once to a burial ceremony with all the solemn pageantry of the primitive church on that lonely Cumbrian moor in the seventh century. The fells of Bewcastle stretch one way, the Northumbrian moor another. But we must let Professor Baldwin Brown describe it in his own

words: "There the Cross stands, one among many memorial stones, a thousand years older than almost all of these but still essentially one of them, a living thing, part of the furniture of the place, a link of the present with the remoter past. It is a pious not a merely sentimental hope that there it may long remain—not 'under protection,' not covered in, not fenced around, not fortified by warning notice boards; not underpinned, nor even set upright; not drenched with silicated broths; not scheduled nor inspected, owing no obedience to Monument Acts or to the Office of Works—long may she abide, the faithful guardian of millennial memories; let us not lightly sever the bond, but 'Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.'"

Ruthwell Cross, on the other hand, has been placed under protection and is scheduled as an ancient monument. It, too, is a noble Cross, but its great interest is centred on the inscribed "Song of the Tree"—that is, the Cross—which many archaeologists ascribe to Cædmon. Professor Baldwin Brown does not agree with that view, and his reasons are fully and clearly set forth.

Of the Gospel of Lindisfarne much has already been written in our pages, and although the subject has not been dealt with as fully or with such mastery as by the greatest authority on early English Art, there is no substantial difference between the views that have been expressed by Sir Edward Sullivan and others. This volume, and indeed the whole work of which this is a part, is essential to anyone anxious to learn of early civilisation in Great Britain. It will be seen from the photograph, which we are able to reproduce by permission of the publisher, that the grace and beauty of the famous Christ are still plainly recognisable, even though the moorland air and the moorland storms have been wasting the stone for well over a thousand years.

MR. BOURDILLON'S POSTHUMOUS BOOK.

BEFORE F. W. Bourdillon died he had completed a lovely little fable in the style of "Aucassin and Nicolette" which has been published by Alexander Moring. It will, if we are not mistaken, be greatly valued for its style. The telling of the tale alternates between prose and verse just as it does in the French model. Both are of a fine and almost unmatched simplicity. The only objection to be taken on the ground of literary art is that part of the action takes place in Heaven and part of it on earth, and it is very hard to make the miraculous part of it convincing. The girl who has died in the freshness of her young love carries her grief with her to Paradise and weeps for the lover whom she sees lamenting on her own new-made grave. She seeks the help of a little angel to get into communication with him and, failing, goes to the Virgin Mother, but is informed that it is against the rules. No one but the Highest could give her leave to return to earth. How the difficulty is got over we must leave the reader to find out for himself and be contented to show by quotation the quality of the verse and of the prose. Here is a picture of the maiden looking down on the earth she had left: "And it was as if a mist had cleared away, and showed her again the world in which she used to live. Just as one standing on the top of a high mountain will see the clouds rolling below him break apart, and there far far away are the green meadows and the blue streams and the red roofs of the houses, all real and bright and plain to see. Only the world did not appear to her very far away and small; but she could see plainly all the places and the people whom she knew so well. And she saw Gerard, and he was lying weeping on a grave in the churchyard." It will be seen that the prose is simple and beautiful and imaginative. The quality of the verse matches well with it.

"In the heart's young sorrow
What can bring assuaging,
What but Hope, Hope only?
Hope, thou dearest angel
In the host of Heaven,
What were earth without thee?
In the Spring thou shinest,
In the opening flower,
In the evening rainbow.
What were man without thee?
Death had no defeating,
Grief no counter-vailing,
Youth no heart for living,
Age no cheer in dying.
Therefore do men hail thee,
Hope, the dearest angel
In the host of Heaven,
And of Heaven's mercies
First and best and greatest."

BOOKS WORTH READING

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

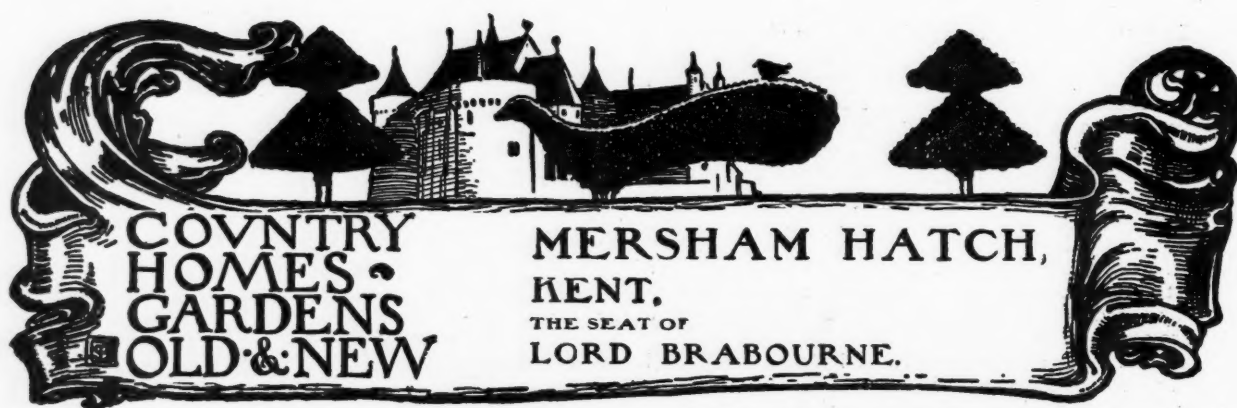
- An Onlooker in France*, by Sir William Orpen. (Williams and Norgate, 31s. 6d.)
Russia in the 'Eighties, by John F. Baddeley. (Longmans, 30s.)
Kipling's Sussex, by R. Thurston Hopkins. (Simpkins, 12s. 6d.)
A Prisoner of the Reds: being the story of a British Officer captured in Siberia, by Francis McCullagh, Royal Irish Fusiliers. (Murray, 18s.)
The Inland Water Transport in Mesopotamia, compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel L. J. Hall, under the direction of the Brigadier-General R. H. W. Hughes. (Constable, 21s.)

FICTION.

- Hagar's Hoard*, by George Kibbe Turner. (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.)
The King of Lamrock, by V. Y. Hewson. (Philip Allan, 8s. 6d.)

HORTICULTURE.

- The Bacterial Diseases of Plants*, by Erwin F. Smith, in charge of the Laboratory of Plant Pathology at Washington. (W. B. Saunders, 50s.)
The English Flower Garden, by William Robinson. (Murray, 30s.)



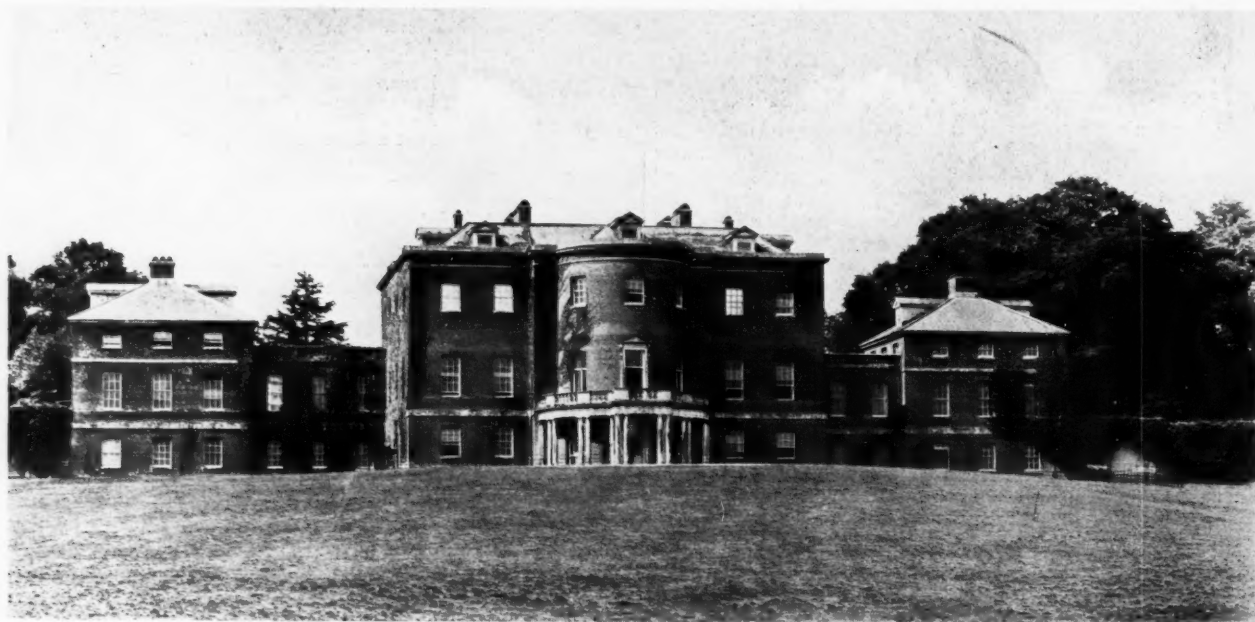
IN an old account of 1776 we read that "Mersham Hatch in this parish is the seat of Sir Edward Knatchbull, built in the modern taste on a plan regular, elegant, and commodious. The gardens and the pleasure ground are laid out with great taste & judgment." Mersham in the Shepway Lathe, near the River Stour, is three miles south-east of Ashford. The manor was given to the Church of Canterbury in 1051 by Sward and Matilda his wife, and the gift was confirmed by Edward the Confessor and again by Henry VIII in the thirty-third year of his reign. The old name was Mersham le Hatche, as in the deed of purchase of the time of Henry VII. The Knatchbolls were originally seated at Lympe, where they flourished as early as the reign of Edward III. John Knatchbull married Alice, daughter of Fowle of Tentenden, and died 1540. John, his grandson, married twice. Richard, third son of John, married Anne, daughter of William Crispe, Esq., Lieutenant of Dover Castle and brother of Henry Crispe, of Quex, close to Birchington. Richard died in 1582. Sir Norton Knatchbull, born 1602, created first baronet in 1641, described as a gentleman of great learning, died in 1684. He was nephew of Sir Norton Knatchbull, Sheriff of Kent in the fifth year of James I and M.P. for Hythe, who died in 1636. He was founder of the free school at Ashford and is praised by Philpot in his visitation as "a person who, for his favour and love to learning and antiquities in times when they are both fallen under such cheapness and contempt, cannot be mentioned without an equivalent to so just a merit." There is a monument in the church to one of his three wives, the "virtuous Lady named Bridget, descended from the ancient family of the Barons of Astley," who died in 1625.

The dust clos'd up within this marble shrine,
Was, (when it breath'd) a blossom feminine :
Brought up in Courte, the ill whereof and good
She quickly found in competition stood ;
The good-ill Courte she therefore soon forsooke,
And happy in her choice, an husband tooke :
Yet though she were with happy Hymen blessed
She found the world . . . etc.

"as usual, imperfect, and, womanlike, departed after three and thirty years of hymen to try what an everlasting Crown of

bliss could do as a substitute for a husband & all that is worldly." Such is the naïve tribute of the disconsolate Sir Norton, who caused this singular tribute to be inscribed to her memory. His own monument has, "Ciceronis et Chrysostomi facundia Varronis et Judicio ornatus," owing to his book of 1659, in which he displayed some knowledge of Hebrew and a good deal of critical courage.

The first baronet was succeeded by Sir John, the second, who died in 1696 and was followed by a brother, Sir Thomas, the third baronet, who married Mary, daughter of Sir Edward Deering, Bt., of Surenden, whose son, Sir Edward, fourth baronet, married 1698 Alice, daughter of John Wyndham of Norrington, Wilts. She died in 1723, and he died in 1730, being succeeded by his son, Sir Wyndham Knatchbull Wyndham, fifth baronet, who married in that year Catherine, daughter of James Harris of Salisbury, and died in 1749. Of their son, Sir Wyndham, sixth baronet and M.P., who was the builder of the early Adam house now illustrated, there is an interesting glimpse in a letter written by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, from Padua on July 14th, 1758. "Appropos of obligations : I hope you remember yours to Lady Knatchbull. Her only son is here ; his father has been dead nine years ; he gave me the first news of it, (so little do I know of what passes amongst my acquaintance). I made him the bad compliment of receiving him with tears in my eyes, and told him bluntly I was extremely sorry for the loss of so good a friend, without reflecting that it was telling him I was sorry he was in possession of his estate ; however, he did not seem offended, but rather pleased at the esteem I expressed for his parents. I endeavoured to repair my blunder by all the civilities in my power, and was very sincere in saying I wish'd him well, for the sake of his dead and living relations. He appears to me what the Duke of Kingston was at Thoresby, though more happy in his guardian and Governor. The gentleman who is with him is a man of sense, and I believe has his pupil's interest really at heart, but there is so much pains taken to make him despise instruction, I fear he will not long resist the allurements of pleasures which his constitution cannot support. He is going to Rome ; and it may be I shall



Copyright.

THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Originally the garden front, shown to face north in Adam's plans.



Copyright.

PRESENT ENTRANCE.
Under the bow of the great drawing-room.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have to wait until he returns, next ascension, before . . ." (sending a token by him to her mother). The Grand Tour of those days was provocative of many incidents that gave rise to parental anxieties. Dr. Moore, who had had extensive experience, ultimately condemns the whole system. Evidently, in this instance, friction arose, as Lady Mary has a further reference of a year later, as, writing from Venice, May 22nd, 1757, she says: "Sir Wyndham Knatchbull & his Governor, Mr. de Vismes are at length parted. I am sorry for them both. I cannot help wishing well to the young man who really has merit, & would have been happy in a companion that sincerely loved him & studied his interest." Sir Wyndham's name appears in the list of subscribers to Robert Adam's work on Diocletian's Palace at Spalatro, published in 1764, but it would appear as if his tour in Italy began in the year in which Adam returned (1758), so that they would probably not have met abroad.

The Adam drawings for the house at Hatch consist of two sets, both undated. The earlier is for a plain, nearly

represent the County in Parliament once in the reign of his late Majesty George II and again in the first year (1760) of his present Majesty King George III. His fair character and affable manner, rendering him universally esteemed, contributed to make his election unanimous. By his death his title & estate came to his uncle Sir Edward Knatchbull Bt. who hath caused this monument to his memory." There are two drawings for this tablet in the Soane Collection of Adam drawings. The architectural framework consists of two vertical consoles and a bottom frieze of swags and a bull's head between a pair of supporting brackets.

There is an inscription on a stone, originally in the basement, now removed to the entrance hall of the house, which reads: "The first stone of this house was layed on the thirteenth day of September 1762 by Sir Wyndham Knatchbull Wyndham Bart who died on the twenty sixth day of September 1763. The work was then carried on according to the first design by Sir Edward Knatchbull Bart, his uncle, and completely covered in on the twenty sixth day of September 1765.



Copyright.

THE SALOON, FORMERLY THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

square house (103ft. by 72ft.) of three storeys and a half basement. The second design is the one built, consisting of a centre of two storeys and a half basement with two wings connected by corridors, the total extent being as much as 244ft. It follows Adam's ideas of massing a house on the ground in as spread out a fashion as possible, the general grouping being one which runs through all his house designs, early and late. The date 1763 is derived from the drawings for chimneypieces. The house was, no doubt, begun, and probably the owner's death made progress slow, as the ceiling designs are dated 1766 and are described as for Sir Edward Knatchbull, the successor in the ownership. High up in a side chapel of Mersham Church is the wall tablet, designed by Robert Adam, which tells us that Sir Wyndham was "in the 26th year of age unexpectedly taken off in the flower of his age by a most malignant fever, to the general concern not only of his relatives & friends but of all that knew him. He was educated at Wadham College Oxford and from hence went upon his travels, after his return he was twice chosen to

Robert Adam Architect. Thos Cole Master builder." This would imply that the general plans for the house are of 1762, and that the ceiling designs, dated 1766, were made after the carcass had been completed, probably in view of the work to be done in the ensuing spring. Most often the Adam ceiling drawings seem to have been among the first made; but already in 1763 Robert Adam writes to a friend that work was rushing in upon him so fast that he could hardly get it done with convenience to himself and satisfaction to his employers. Tradition declares that the carcass of the house absorbed three million bricks at a cost of £20,000. That would be about the cost of a large Adam house of this plain type at that time.

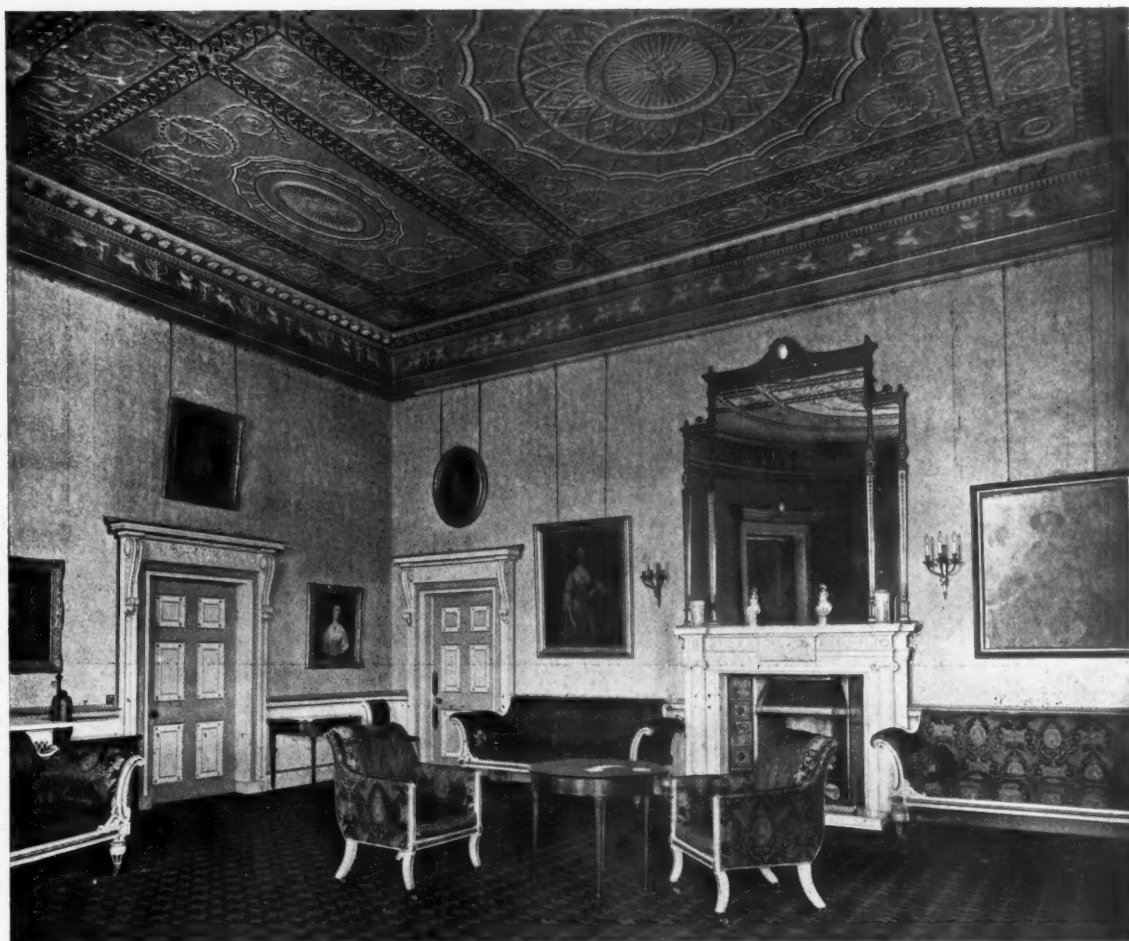
The uncle who succeeded was Sir Edward Knatchbull, seventh baronet, third son of Sir Edward, the fourth baronet, and he married Grace, second daughter of William Legge of Salisbury, who died in 1788. As he died in 1789, he would have occupied the house for nearly a generation. His son and successor, Sir Edward, the eighth baronet, married in July, 1780, Mary, daughter and co-heir of William Western Huggess, and



Copyright.

THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Provender in Kent. His sister Dorothea married Sir Joseph Banks, Bt., the famous president of the Royal Society. Sir Edward died in 1819 and was followed by his son, the Right Hon. Sir Edward (1781-1849), ninth baronet, who was twice married. His children added the name of Hugessen to that of Knatchbull. The sixth son, the Right Hon. Edward Hugessen Knatchbull-Hugessen, P.C., D.L., was created Baron Brabourne in 1880. Sir Edward died in 1849 and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Norton Joseph Knatchbull, the tenth baronet, who died in 1868; and, as his son, Sir Edward Knatchbull, the eleventh baronet, died in 1871, it would be in the time of Sir Wyndham Knatchbull, the twelfth

importance to what is really an entrance at the lower level. It was the usual practice to site a house on a slope so that it could be entered at the principal floor level at the front and yet have the basement clear of the ground on the garden side. This, however, was never entirely satisfactory, as the drawing-room either had no direct access to the garden or else a long flight of steps, awkward to manage on the elevation of the garden front, became necessary. At Newliston, one of Adam's last houses, such a stairway was sketched on the plan, but not actually executed.

The south or entrance front of Mersham Hatch remains as built; some dormers have been added to the roofs, and the niches



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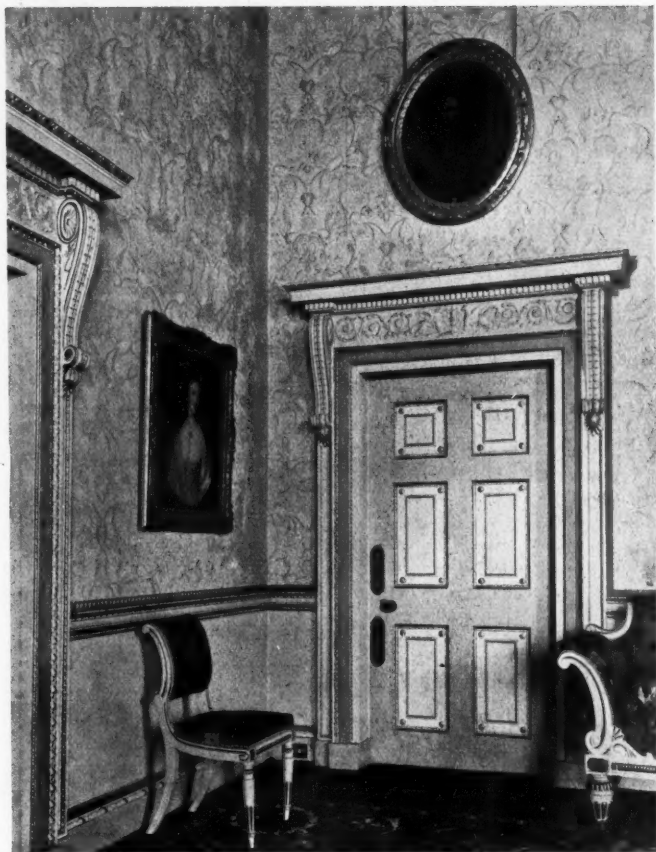
THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

baronet, that certain alterations would appear to have been made at the house. By reason of the death of the first Lord Brabourne's grandson at Neuve Chapelle in 1915, the estates and title reverted to his uncle, Cecil Marcus Knatchbull Hugessen, the present fourth Baron Brabourne and thirteenth baronet.

It seems clear that the house has been reversed by an alteration of the approach. The present garden side was the entrance front with the front door on the level straight into the hall. The apsidal bow of the drawing-room has been surrounded by a colonnade at the basement level to give

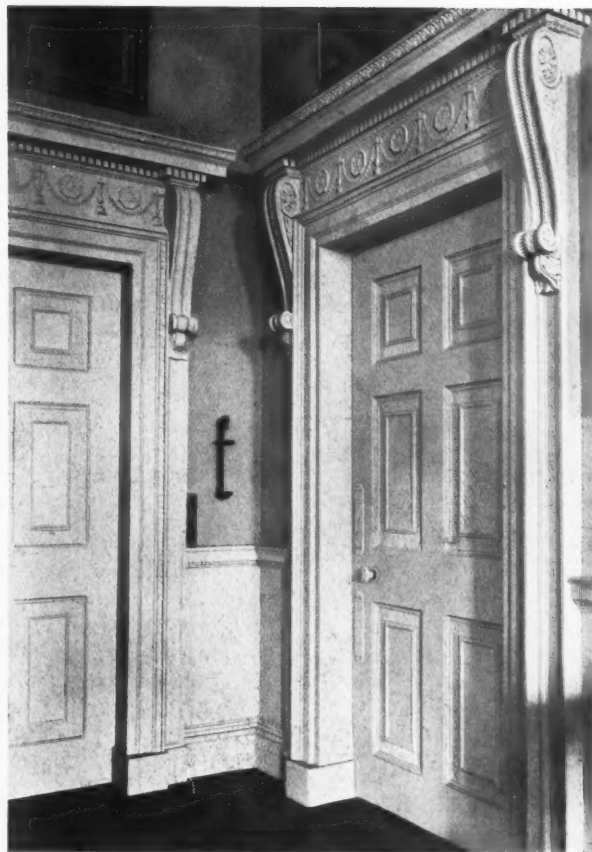
have been filled with statues. On the other front the colonnade round the apsidal projection of the centre has no authority from the Adam drawings. St. Aubyn in 1872 made alterations at the house, the chief being the conversion of two rooms into a library, and it is probable that two Adam ceilings, of which drawings remain, were then abolished. It is very interesting to contrast Hatch with Shardeloes, which was three or four years earlier at the most. At Hatch there is no attempt at a portico, and plain masses of brickwork replace the plastered walls of the previous work. Evidently at Hatch a large family house had to be provided at a very moderate expenditure.



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THE DRAWING-ROOM DOORS.

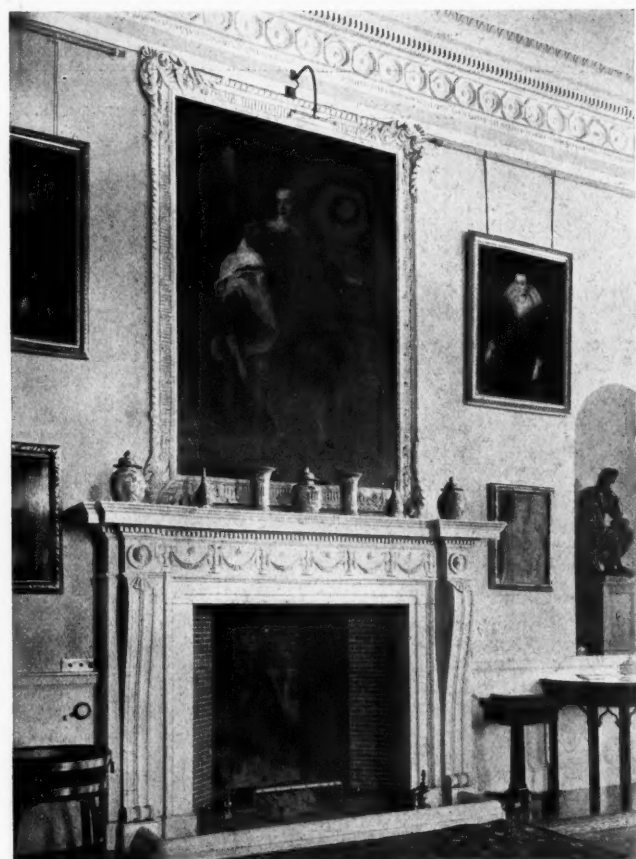
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THE DINING-ROOM DOORS.

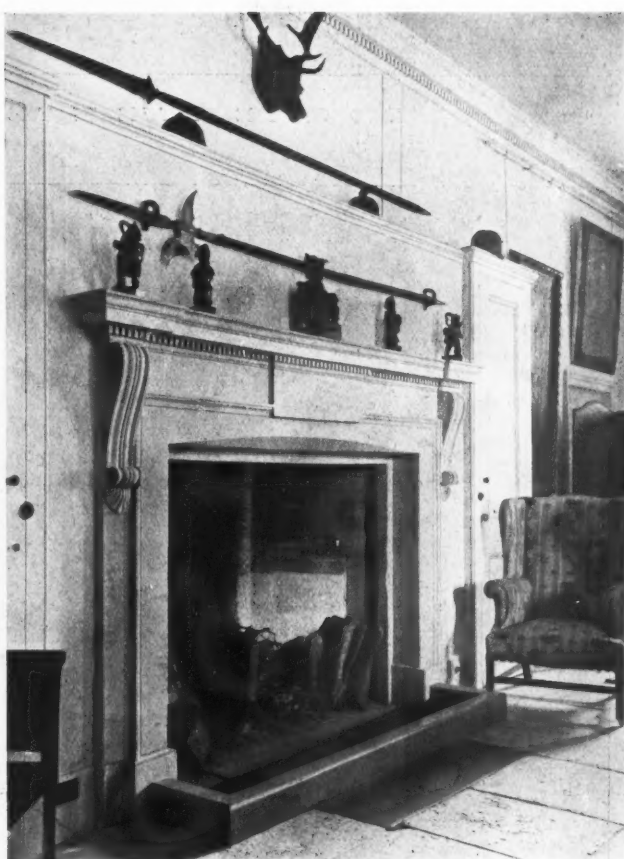
"C.L."



Copyright.

THE DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

"C.L."



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THE BILLIARD-ROOM FIREPLACE.

"C.L."



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TWO OF THE STATUES IN THE NICHES ON THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

PRESENT GARDEN, OR WEST, FRONT.
Originally the entrance front, described as facing south in Adam's plans.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

All is perfectly straightforward and simple both in the planning and the elevations. The central staircase of a square type only becomes exciting at the top, where loggias are formed on two sides surmounted by a glazed dome. The Ionic order here is probably one of the earliest of this Adam type. On the principal floor the hall, directly entered by a good but plain doorway, is related to that of Shardeloes, but the treatment is decidedly flatter. The detail is intermediate with that of the hall at Harewood, which is, perhaps, a few months later. The ceiling design exactly agrees with the Adam drawing dated 1766, excepting only that the centre shows a rosette in place of the arms actually existing. The design for the chimneypiece was made in 1763, but it does not show the overmantel, which would, no doubt, be contemporaneous with the ceiling.

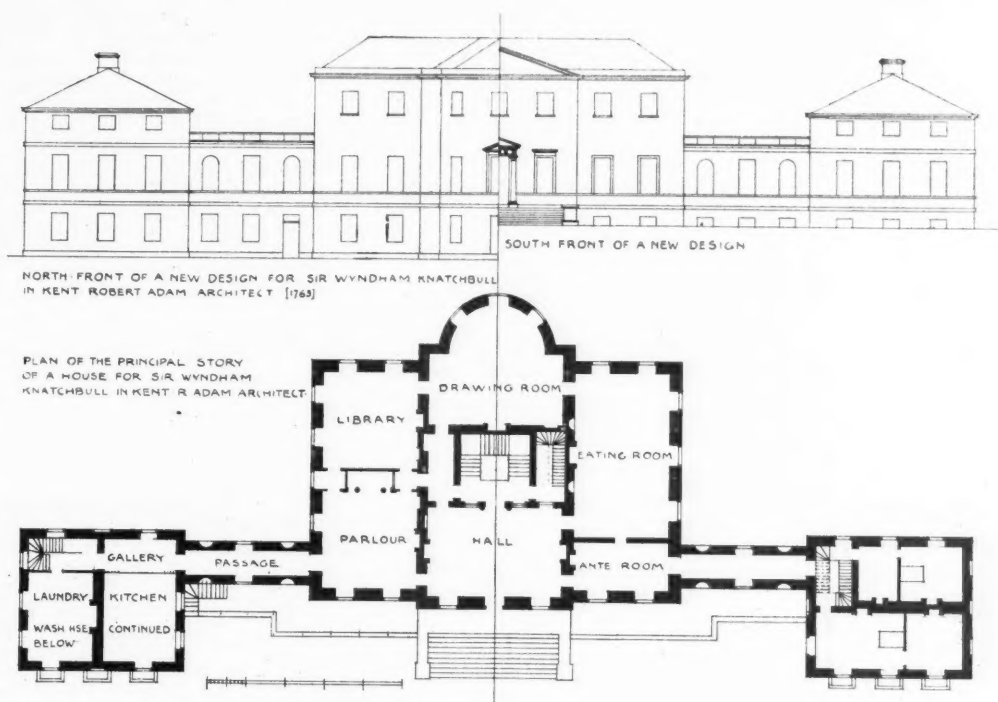
The dining-room ceiling is of the 1766 period, but the centre portion does not agree with the original design. It has evidently been reduced, and there is loss of variety as carried out. The chimneypiece, again, is of the 1763 date, and it is interesting as, while the long consoles belong to the early phase, the frieze of candelabra and swags leans to the later style. The full console frieze and architrave of this room belong to the earlier phase of Adam work. It will be noticed that both in the hall and in this room niches for statues are provided, as at Lansdowne House and Syon, after which they usually disappear. Adam evidently came to the conclusion that antique statues in domestic interiors were a mistake. The doorways here and in the drawing-room are well designed. They are larger and more traditional in detail than in the succeeding works of Adam. The drawing-room is the most elaborated room in the house. Although the entablature is fully given in the early manner, the ceiling itself is already as flatly treated as are those which followed at Harewood. It is exact to the drawing of 1766 which gives the original scheme of colour.

Adam had only begun to use colour washes at Kenwood in 1767, and this is a tentative example. The general field is suggested as of a copper yellow; the grounds to the wide bands are pink, and those to the guilloche borders green, while the interlaced arches of the great circles have a blue ground. All the ornamentation is left white. The chimneypiece design had been made in 1763, but it seems to have been modified later, as the tablet was first intended to be a basket of flowers with swags on each side, instead of the female figure in repose that has been executed. There is also a suggestion, in one version of the design, of the anthemion which has replaced the first

intended swags. The mirror may very well be an early one, though the design has not been preserved. A curious old prophetic doggerel, attributed for no apparent reason to the Holy Maid of Kent, runs:

Scots Hall shall have a fall,
Ostenhanger was built in anger,
Somerfeild will have to yeild,
And Mersham Hatch will win the match.

Scots Hall is at Smeeth, Ostenhanger at Westenhanger, and Somerfeild at Sellinge. Scots Hall has entirely disappeared, but, thanks to Robert Adam's solid building, Mersham Hatch



NORTH AND SOUTH ELEVATIONS AND PLAN OF PRINCIPAL STOREY.



Copyright.

TABLE IN THE SERVANTS' HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

is calculated to go on winning the match of prolonged existence. It is interesting that, for all its solid and matter of fact appearance externally, it should have the credit of a haunted room. This is a small square apartment at the corner of the wing facing south-west. Nothing in its aspect suggests the traditional staging of apparitions. The interiors of Hatch are of special interest as one of the stages between the more exuberant work at Hatchlands and Shardeloes and the classically restrained work which follows at Harewood and other succeeding works, leading up to the climax of the middle period of Robert Adam's career in London.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

THE UNIVERSITY GOLF MATCH PAST AND PRESENT

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

ON Tuesday and Wednesday next Oxford and Cambridge meet at Hoylake, and for the first time in the history of the match there will be two days' play, foursomes on the Tuesday and singles on the Wednesday. To all who love the foursome—not the lazy, after-lunch make-shift, but the real set match—this innovation is a great delight and will make the match all the more worth watching. It is largely, if indirectly, due to Mr. John Low and Mr. Arthur Croome, who have done a great deal to make people appreciate foursome play, and I hope that they are—as they ought to be—pleased with themselves.

After last year, when Cambridge won an apparently miraculous victory, it is rash to prophesy, but while praying fervently for their defeat, I venture to say that Oxford will win this year. In 1920 the team as a whole was rated far above its deserts. People knew how good Mr. Tolley and Mr. Wethered were and forgot to look at the tail. This year the side has had less praise and deserved far more. Mr. Tolley and Mr. Wethered are still there. Mr. Malik, who played in 1914, has come back a vastly improved golfer, with a beautiful style and plenty of power. He has that litheness and easy grace in hitting a ball which seems to belong of right to the countrymen of the great "Ranji." Mr. Thomas, the best of the three Oxford left-handers, is a better golfer than he was last year and, if he can produce it, has really good seaside-bred golf in him. The newcomers are decidedly better than those they have replaced, with Mr. Pakenham Walsh probably the best of them. Altogether, if not up to the standard of the now almost mythical Oxford side of 1900, it is a sound team with a strong head and not too much tail.

Mr. Humphries, the Cambridge captain, thinks that his side is decidedly stronger than last year's. That is good news, and certainly he ought to know. He himself is a very good player, with length, dash and power, and the last time I played with him he holed more putts than was friendly or even decent. So did Mr. Walker, who is a strong if not an elegant golfer, and comes from a good golfing stock and from a school of good golfers, Troon. These two should make a fine foursome pair and will, I think, worry Mr. Tolley and his partner whoever he may be. Mr. Morris has a serene, easy-going temperament, and one has always hopes of a golfer who, with the match-all square and one to play, can lay a mashie shot 3 ins. from the hole, as he did at Sunningdale last year. Mr. Bott is young and has probably not yet come to his best game, but he has clearly got good golf in him. Mr. Douglas, from Princeton, has the seriousness and carefulness of the American golfer, and a sound, well controlled style into the bargain. Mr. Prowse has plenty of strength, and Mr. White is a good putter. Altogether it is a team of possibilities that might do much better than anybody could hope, for it is full of cheerfulness and light-hearted courage.

The University golf match has not yet that rich store of legend that belongs to the cricket match, the sports or the boat race. There is nothing that has become so much a part of history as the hat trick of Cobden, the four desperate quarters

between Jordan and Fitzherbert, or the great boat race that F. I. Pitman won for Cambridge. But there are things which it will always be pleasant for golfers to remember and talk about. Some are almost lost in the mists of time. How many people, for instance, know the fame of Mr. Pattison of Cambridge? Very few, I fear, but he deserves his niche in the temple because he beat Mr. Horace Hutchinson in one of the very earliest matches at Wimbledon. In the match played there in 1896 the match was halved with a score of only four holes a side, though there were eight players in each team. I think seven out of the eight Cambridge men lost the last hole, and the only one to halve it, Mr. Hillyard, missed a historically short putt that would have won the whole match.

Two years later, at Sandwich in 1898, came the "snowstorm match," when all but the first two or three couples on either side had to sally forth after the blizzard to finish their matches, some with red balls and others, less fortunate, with white ones. The dusk was fast coming on, the links were like a Siberian snowfield and it was bitterly cold. The forecaddies lay flat on their stomachs, and so occasionally caught a glimpse of a dark something scurrying over the snow. I have a guilty recollection of stealing the fur coat of the Oxford ninth man in order to perform these uncomfortable duties, and I can only hope he has forgiven me by this time. One Cambridge man was so cold that he missed the globe three times at one hole, but he won that hole because he could not hit the ball far enough to lose it, whereas his adversary could and did. Another player lost at least one hole by hitting the ball on to his own boots. There was but one satisfactory thing about that match, namely, that Cambridge led by eleven holes when the blizzard came on and still led by eleven when the match ended.

The year 1900 saw Mr. Hunter's famous Oxford team, the best that has yet played in the match, score 69 holes, while the score of Cambridge remained a total and absolute blank. Mansfield Hunter, Humphrey Ellis, Frank Mitchell, Johnny Bramston, Beveridge, Lee, Horne and Trevor Lawrence—their names shall be set out in full to do them honour. Four years later the one match that has so far been played at Woking saw Mr. Hugh Alison number himself, apart from his other claims, among the immortals. He played a pitch off the roof of the clubhouse over the holly tree and on to the home green. He halved the hole by doing so, and his side, Oxford, only won the match by a margin of two holes.

In 1906 and 1907 the match was played at Hoylake, and the second of those two matches was historic. Oxford were, I think, twelve holes up save for one match. In that one match Mr. M. T. Allen of Cambridge collected no fewer than thirteen holes at the expense of one who shall remain anonymous, and the scores have been reckoned by the less brutal method of one point for each match ever since. The 1911 match at Rye should be known by the name of Mr. Wakefield, who won the match for Oxford by playing a marvellous shot from the wilderness below the home green and laying the ball almost dead at the hole side.

ART AND LETTERS IN BERLIN

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN before the war was, broadly speaking, an unknown city to the English; Berlin during the war was a haunted city; Berlin after the war is one of the most interesting cities in the world. In Paris, in London it is possible to visit the most important picture shows, concerts, theatres, to read the most important books without more exertion than a person of culture is willing to undergo. In Berlin to-day this would be impossible. In the theatre alone there are more performances worthy of interest and attention than one can keep pace with, and the flood of books is not only overwhelming in quantity, but also amazing in quality.

During the war these passionate and enthusiastic young men who are now moulding Germany's new literature out of the dust and ashes of a demolished era crouched in unspeakable trenches all over Europe and learned to hate war as only poets know how to hate. Thus the new notes in German literature are the note of pacifism and the note of revolt. Some, like Heinrich Mann, Walter Hasenclever, René Schickele, are satisfied with the revolt of the spirit—others, such as Johannes Becher, Paul Kornfeld, Georg Kaiser, demand also the revolt of form. In the radical wing of this group we find men like Casimir Edschmid or the people of the Storm group, like Oskar Kokoschka or the poet August Stramm, for whom one significant word must serve as the symbol of a whole sentence. Connections and much else are left to the reader's imagination.

But these experimentalists have little to do with the real literature, as little as the mad fellows "Dadaist" and "Merz-gruppists," who stick feathers and pieces of wood together

with rags and expect the result to rank as serious art, have anything to do with the noble line of painters from Dürer and Velazquez to Whistler and Corot.

While the young men sing or scream out their joy over the freedom, real or imaginary, which the Revolution brought them and the theatre managers produce one daring play after another resurrected from the graves of the censorship, the old heroes of modern German literature, they who were once themselves the vanguard of a revolutionary youth, continue to produce and to be acclaimed. Sudermann, who just before the war had completed a trilogy of satirical comedies which he called "Die Entgötterte Welt" (The World without Gods), in which he lashed the sins and follies of decadent society, is now announcing a new trilogy to be called "The German Destiny" (Das Deutsche Schicksal). The three dramas are entitled "Heilige Zeit" (The Holy Time), "Opfer" (Sacrifice) and "Notruf" (The Cry of Need).

Gerhart Hauptmann has produced one or two new plays, but nothing of any great originality or importance. The most significant was a drama founded on the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, "Der Weiss Heiland" (The White Saviour), which was put on a few months ago at the huge theatre which the famous play producer Max Reinhardt has had constructed out of the former Circus Schumann. In this great amphitheatre, with its several stages rising in tiers to the misty heights, the crowds of Aztecs and Spaniards made a fine pageant, but most of Hauptmann's splendid music of phrase rolled away unheard in the vast space.

Unlike London or Paris, and to a lesser extent New York, Berlin has never been the heart of Germany. It is a question whether a State which, dynastically speaking, was almost in the condition of a Saxon heptarchy, could possess such a heart, and it remains to be seen whether the new, unified Germany produced by the Revolution will achieve one. With the complete disappearance of court life and military pomp from Berlin there does seem to us who have been living here for years to have come an improvement in the literary quality of the city. It has always been a great market, but now a kind of air, a style has begun to invest it—shabbier though it may have become since the war has worn off its once immaculate brightness.

Germany's daring young authors are no longer liable to be locked up at a moment's notice for *lèse-majesté*, a fate which overtook at one time a man as prominent as Frank Wedekind. Yet other troubles pursue them. Ernst Toller, a young fire-brand of genius, is still in prison for the part he took in the Three Weeks' Communist Terror in Munich. His strange and strong anti-war drama "Wandlung" (Transformation), which first drew wider attention to his gifts, was produced soon after the Revolution. A new drama was recently to be put on in Nuremberg, and Toller's friends applied for his temporary release so that he might attend rehearsals. This idea was too original for the reactionary forces at present in power in Bavaria, and Toller had to content himself with written directions.

Gerhart Hauptmann has been at work for some years upon a great epic poem, to be entitled "Der Grosse Traum" (The Great Dream). The subject is the cultural development of the peoples, depicted in visions and fantasies. The work will not

be published for some time, but Hauptmann recently read extracts from it at a charity evening for the benefit of Germany's starving children, and the audience listened with reverence to the sonorous and mystic work.

Karl Scheffler, a tremendously prolific writer and, perhaps, the most distinguished art critic of Germany, has founded a "Bund der Erneuerung" (League of New Life), and recently gave an interesting lecture on its objects in the Berlin University. His ideals comprise patriotism without hatred of other countries, Socialism which shall identify the vital interests of the individual with those of the State, the substitution of inner refinement for outward luxury, and the creation of good work not for the sake of gain but for the joy of the doing.

Count Keyserling, who has established a great school for the furtherance of new philosophy at Darmstadt, has issued a similar plea for a moral and spiritual re-birth to arise out of the present chaos of all standards and all values.

A deep philosophic work, highly pessimistic, "Der Untergang des Abendlandes" (The Downfall of the Occident), by Oswald Spengler, has had an amazing popular success, and has already sold more than 100,000 copies. "Der Philosophie des Als Ob" (The Philosophy of the Assumption), another popular but optimistic new philosophic work, is now being rendered into English by an English clergyman.

Great things may yet be done in the literature of the young Republic. Defeat is good for Germany's soul. Her *Sturm und Drang* period resulted from the crushing blows of Napoleon. Signs are not wanting that a similar phoenix may arise from the present ashes.

E. T. S.

THE WARWICKSHIRE

THIS is one of the finest hunting countries in England, if, indeed, it is not the very best. It is a level country and an open country, and the woodlands are so placed that while they always hold foxes and a pack of foxhounds

can, in the cub-hunting season, be taught all they need to learn in them, yet the woods seldom come in the way to spoil sport. Of course, it may be said that there is more plough in the Warwickshire than in the Pytchley, yet it is, on the whole, a pleasanter country to ride over. There is hardly any of Warwickshire that a good hunter cannot cross. Then, the plough does not hold us as do the neighbouring Oxfordshire fallows. Here and there the grass rides deep in wet weather, but for the most part it carries an excellent scent and gives a pleasant surface for the horse to gallop over, to take off from or to land on. Warwickshire is a country with a history both long and prosperous, and among its Masters and huntsmen it has had some of those characters of the hunting field who can still be found if we look for them. There was Mr. Corbet of Sundorne Castle, almost the founder of the Hunt, who once said that he thought he had kept hounds at his

own expense longer than any man in England. Mr. Corbet was one of the most courteous of men, but his huntsman, the famous Will Barrow, was not remarkable for urbanity. It is told of him that one day a hard riding man from a neighbouring hunt

was pressing more closely on hounds than Will thought right. The too eager rider fell over a big fence. "Thank goodness we've done with you," was the huntsman's remark. Will Barrow was, perhaps, one of the finest horsemen across country of his own or any other time. We have to think of men like Tom Firror Downs, the roughrider, to pick out his equal in our time. But good horses make fine horsemen, and no one ever mounted his men better than Mr. Corbet did. There is, of course, also the legend of the hound Trojan, and, no doubt, he was a fine hound, but the real history of the Warwickshire Kennels seems to me to have begun when the late Lord Willoughby de Broke took them in hand. Than Warwickshire Harper or Talisman I never expect to see a grander type of foxhound or better workers. The hounds are the property of the country and are worthy of the country they hunt, which is



COLLECTING "THE CAP" FOR HIS POULTRY FUND.



AWAY FROM SHUCKBURGH.

saying a great deal. But far more eloquent of the joys of Warwickshire hunting than anything I can write is the picture of the start from Shuckburgh Hill—the view of the country is glorious. There it lies before you, the enclosures probably all grass and the fences looking invitingly practicable

in the distance. We can see the hedges, but it will not be until we draw nearer that we shall discern the ditches wide and deep which are to be found on one side or the other of almost every fence. When we reach the vale we shall have to gallop lest hounds slip us, as one November morning long ago Lord



A KILL AT SHUCKBURGH.



AN OXER!

Willoughby's bitches fairly outpaced us all. Lord Willoughby was hunting hounds himself that day and he found two foxes on Shuckburgh Hill. It was with the first that the bitches ran away from us. With the second we had better fortune. The other picture, the kill at Shuckburgh, shows a familiar scene. For foxes often run there from Ladbroke Gorse, one of the deservedly favourite coverts of the Hunt. Shuckburgh is to the Warwickshire what the Hemplow is to the Pytchley and more than the Coplow is to the Quorn.

Yet Warwickshire is undoubtedly a stiff country. There are still bullock fences or oxers, and although our horse does not jump far enough but is (as depicted here) caught by the rail

on the far side, yet we may be thankful for them, for where there are still ox fences there is not often wire. The best thing that can happen to the man in our sketch is that the rail should break, if not the horse may turn over on to the rider. These stout oak rails, if they will hold up a Hereford ox when the flies are troublesome are not likely to give way before a horse. One of the other pictures shows us an obstacle which favours foxes when there is a scent, does not trouble hounds much, but breaks sadly into those delightful gallops over a country. Before the railroad came it was only one's own pusillanimity if one turned aside from the straight line to hounds. It is easy to picture the vexation of the huntsman. We may also admire the prompt



AN OBSTACLE WHICH FAVOURS THE FOX.

resolution of the man who is making for the road without wasting time by looking about to see if there was any other way out. Quick decision and resolute carrying out of the decision are half the battle of success in the hunting field. Out hunting we have, as our artist reminds us in his picture of the poultry cap, always our hands in our pockets. I am not going to dilate on the expenses of hunting. Of course, poultry must be paid for, and as quickly as possible after the demand is made. Now, what I am going to ask my readers is this: Is there any way of spending money which gives us more pleasure than our outlay on hunting. I will not go so far as to say, with the Master of the Handley Cross Hounds, that "all money which is not spent on hunting is wasted," but I will say that none of what we do spend is wasted. This expenditure helps to bring prosperity to some, enjoyment and health to others; and, as to ourselves, it provides life with its greatest zest.

One is very apt to write of such a country as Warwickshire as though it was only suited for the hard riders, but,

as a matter of fact, the careful rider sees a great deal of sport. Who saw more of a run at its critical moments than the above-named Mr. Corbet? He never jumped a fence yet did not often lose hounds. There is a bridle road from Shuckburgh to Prior's Hardwick which some of us have greatly appreciated when hounds were running gaily alongside. We cannot all compete. Even the keenest of us grow older; but, if you mean to use only gates and gaps, henceforth the better the country the more you will enjoy yourself.

The Warwickshire have had some clever huntsmen. Jem Welch, their present huntsman, is leaving to go to the Cottesmore to Mr. James Baird, and Charles Littleworth, for nine seasons a most excellent whipper-in with the York and Ainsty, is coming to take his place. It is sometimes said that a first-rate whipper-in does not always make a good huntsman. True, not always, but he often does, and this, I will venture to prophesy, is one of the instances of a good whipper-in making a first-rate huntsman.

X.

THE BRUSH

LIKE most people who have hunted in Somerset and Devon, whenever I hear of hounds and kennels I think of Exmoor. The mention of a meet creates visions of Brendon-Two-Gates, Cloutsam, Bale Water, Clovenrocks, and brings up the sound of the friendly farmers chanting their opinions as to whether or not "her'll go in over Forest."

Nothing but this indifference to other hunting shires led me to the folly of coming to Stowe-on-the-Wold without a riding kit. I had fled here for a few days' respite from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and behold me now pierced by the sharpest, it would seem, that could be fashioned: a meet at the very door and I unready. My wail ran in and out of the windows of the White Hart and startled the person in the square. There is never more than about one person at a time in the square, and I had loved the place for its lifelessness. But when the morning of the meet saw folk trooping in I was bound to admit that the square was as lovable alive as dead. And when about fifty riders gathered there, a background for the feathery tails of the hounds and the brave green and pink of the huntsmen, I thought I had rarely seen a more attractive sight, or, as the Hunt rode down the clanking street, a more gallant one. In fact, I had to admit that there were even points about a meet that was not on Exmoor. Although hampered by ignorance of short cuts and the general lie of the country, I determined to follow on foot. There, at least, I could win a mythical brush of my own. A rider, leisurely following the rest, came abreast with me at the foot of the hill.

"Where are they going to draw first?" I asked.

"Oh, a covert there——" (the first of a series of bewildering names tossed at me during the day), "about two miles along the Bourton Road."

His loping grey went on, followed by a pair of admiring, envious eyes. As the two miles wound themselves out, the whole valley was echoing to the huntsman's horn and voice and the occasional, spasmodic cry of a solitary hound. But, although I had seen to it that no one on foot passed me, and was aware of the riders bunched up in the road, the hounds were full-throated and away before I reached the copse. When I had passed it and gained a clear view the field was out of sight, save for a few bobbing heads above the hedgerows of a lane at right angles to the road.

It was then that, looking round, I saw the first batch of the also-rans turning back for the three mile walk to Stowe, and a solitary individual coming along, with whom, I feared, I was going to have a tussle for my mythical brush. He bore straight on, a little behind me, in the short, accommodating stride of the man who is used to uneven ground. For half a mile we kept this even distance and at the end of that time were the only "footers" left.

The small amount of comfort I gained thereby was quickly lost in humiliation. I knew that upon Exmoor, when the Hunt was out, and anybody on horse or foot saw anybody on horse or foot so much as look at him, he immediately sang out where the hounds had last been seen. Peer of the realm or farm boy, 'twas all one. Trained in the happy brotherhood, I hailed a passing trap. The occupant openly laughed at me. "Why, they're up through Rissington and over the hill by this time. You won't catch them. You should have a horse."

Unasked advice is gall and bitterness. Had I had time, I should have detained the trap until I had made that point quite clear. But, glancing back, I saw my rival in the race plodding on, his eyes on the spoor of the roadside.

Going through Rissington I was casting about for the best road over the hill when I espied on the green a man who looked as if he expected to be asked where the hounds were. Very kindly I fulfilled his expectations for him. While I was wrestling with the names of copses and farms, villages and hills he eagerly poured out my rival passed us. He turned to the exponent of the twists of the shire with one comprehensive gesture and word, and receiving a nod for reply, walked on. I left the villager in the middle of a speech and followed him, aware of a dawning

sensation that I didn't care who won so that the game went on. He sheered abruptly round a house and made into the open, rising ground. Looking neither to the right nor to the left, he climbed the slope, but I was aware from his sudden short pauses and his cocked head that he was listening, as I was, to that faint cry away to the right.

Presently he quickened his pace. The hill was steep, the ground soft, the fences he took so lightly set in large areas of trampled mud. Following the grass land came a ploughed field. When I walked in the soil, my shoes all but forsook me; when I bore in by the hedge, briars whipped at my face and garments. But in the meantime the cry was coming nearer, over the shoulder of the hill. Just as the ploughed field ran mercifully to an end, and my rival, walking and breathing easily, stepped out into a lane, and I, floundering and panting, followed him, the field burst on us, taking a corner into a copse.

I spied my friend on the raking grey, and he smiled. "Well done," he called, as he shot by; and I felt most foolishly pleased. Into the copse I went, thankful that the hounds were either at fault or drawing afresh. The smoking horses were not hotter than I.

While the field was still mopping its brow a sudden clash of tongues shook the quiet hill. Off they all were again. I waited and watched, and determined on a detour, so as to come in on the flank of the pursuit. My rival and whilom guide had disappeared among the horses' legs while the field was resting. Probably he knew better than the fox himself just where he would go, and was now pelting along some boggy slope.

It must have been half an hour later that I found myself on an unknown road, hot, breathless, beginning to be conscious that I possessed two feet. The hunt had disappeared completely. Only a short time before it had been a throbbing, thudding presence shaking the hill. I sat down in the hedge and looked about. Not a soul was visible save a man ploughing a distant ridge. The hunter's mood subtly changed, and I found myself musing on the sweetness of the air, the thrushes' pipe, and the blue carpet of the wold spread out to the rim of the sky.

Thus pondering, I was suddenly aware of overwhelming hunger; and as I was at least seven miles, I considered, from Stowe, it was idle to think of the excellent meal there awaiting me. I must find a village or an inn and make an afternoon's business of getting home. In this part of the country, I had noticed, villages were obligingly scattered about at the end of every second field.

Then, in horror, I realised that I had no money, and carried nothing of any moment save a rather valuable watch and chain. Just as I was debating a speech with the innkeeper based on the honesty of his face and my own, a whimper rose in the field just behind me. Another cry, and hunger and weariness and the innkeeper's honesty were all gone.

There was a thud in the grass, and peering through a gap I saw the whip at straining gallop, the thong at arm's length, making for a gate. The hounds seemed to cover the field like a tossing sea. The sea burst through the gap and spread itself about my feet. Down the road came the green coats, rallying the pack, and off across country they went.

Once more I saw before my eyes the mythical brush of my adventure. I followed the hounds, well in front of the field, joyously and proudly, albeit a little breathlessly; watched them draw again and make off down the valley; and, forgetting my own parlous condition, followed until once more they were lost to sight.

Then I came heavily to earth. A workman in the lane gave me my direction, and finding that I was then but three miles from Stowe, I set out as manfully as might be for home. But the last mile was utterly swallowed up in glory. For out of the hedge walked my rival.

"Have you seen the hounds?" he asked. "I've lost them these last two hours."

In fancy I rode into Stow on the raking grey of my desire; and a brush was tied carefully on my saddle, just where it would show.

MARGARET ASHWORTH.

CORRESPONDENCE

"TAXABLE CAPACITY."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of March 5th, writing on the subject of taxable capacity, Mr. Lowther Bridger seems to suggest that all incomes are taxed at the same rate and that a tax reduction of £3,000 only is made from incomes of £10,000 and that a proportionate deduction is made from incomes of £800 or £1,000. Now, let us turn to the official "Memorandum on the Provisions of the Finance Act, 1920," on page 4 of which is set out a table of real effective rates of tax, and we see that a married person with three children with an income from investments of £9,350 pays tax at the rate of 8s. 6d. in the pound, whereas a married person with three children with an earned income of £793 pays tax at the rate of 2s. 2d. in the pound only. There appears to be a popular idea that vast sources of wealth are still available for further taxation among the higher incomes, and, according to Mr. J. H. Thomas's "When Labour rules," enormous increases are to be made in both Super-tax and Estate Duties; yet, Lord Faringdon, addressing a meeting of shareholders not long ago, pointed out that a man with an income of £70,000 now pays something like £53,000 of it in income tax, super-tax and insurance against death duties. No doubt it may be argued that this high rate of tax on large incomes constitutes no personal hardship on those who pay it, but it should not be forgotten that it is upon the savings of these large incomes that the commercial and financial strength of the British Empire has been built up.—T. W. BACON.

[We sent our correspondent's letter to Mr. Lowther Bridger, who writes: "Your correspondent, Mr. Bacon, who points out that I seem to have suggested, in writing to you on 'Taxable Capacity,' that all incomes are taxed at the same rate, is perfectly right. I should not, of course, have used the word 'proportionate' in speaking of the deduction made from the smaller incomes. There is no doubt that the burden already laid upon the large incomes is enormous, and I in no way intended to imply that it should be increased. My point was, however, and still is, that when you abstract £200 or £250, or whatever the new taxation is, from incomes of, say, £1,000 to £1,200 a year, the deprivation is of more vital and far-reaching consequence to a class of citizens whose conservation and general well-being is of vital interest to the State, in the especial circumstances of the British Empire."—Ed.]

THE HISTORY OF THE GLASS BOTTLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent "R. L." raises an extremely interesting point. If we turn to Pepys, we find that during the Great Fire on September 4th, 1666—"and in the evening Sir W. Pen and I dig another (pit) and put our wine in it," as the diarist included his "parmazan cheese as well as my wine and some other things" it does not sound as if he and his neighbour had a large cellar. Pepys, in fact, mentions food far more frequently than wine. The country squire had to wait until Jethro Tull's principles and Lord Townshend's practice pointed the way to wealth. The former published "Horse-Hoeing Husbandry" in 1733, three years after the latter had retired to Rainham to take up agriculture. Young writing in 1760, described the effect of Townshend's husbandry on rents—"the whole is let at 15s. an acre, ten times the original value." This provided the money for the wine. I am not sure that your correspondent is right when he states that the glass industry was very little developed in the eighteenth century. I do not lay claim to any special knowledge myself, but here is a quotation from "Traill's Social England," which gives a different view. On page 154, Vol. v, it is stated that between 1714 and 1742 "Bottles, flint glass, crown glass, plate and coach glass, window glass, and glass for the table, were all made in considerable quantity. One firm of glass makers were said to have 20,000 dozen bottles in hand. The ordinary price of bottles was 3s. per dozen quarts, and 2s. 6d. for pints. There were over sixty glass houses in England." The bottles would have been used again and again. The weaklings of modern times have entirely lost the cellar sense. They buy their wine from a grocer and keep it in cupboards! I remember, in 1900, doing some work for a substantial West Country farmer who owned his own land. At dinner one night, after a plain but very good and substantial meal, we

bade the ladies good-night and settled down to the business of drinking port. After the decanter had circulated eight times we viewed the cellars, which were of enormous size and seemed to stretch for miles, and our host, who was seventy, was still laying down port as a sacred duty to posterity.—C. H. B. QUENNEL.

EARLY GOOD CONDITION OF TROUT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A mild, sunny February seems to have had the effect of bringing the South Devon trout early into condition. Eight taken in the Lower Teign on March 5th were in notably bright condition, without a suspicion of lankiness. There was a good deal of fly on some of the warm days in February, and trout were several times seen to be rising pretty freely. On the other hand, the rivers have for the last month been down to a very low level.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

AN INDIAN HUNT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the Peshawar Vale Hunt which you might see your way to publishing in your paper. The Peshawar Vale Hunt claims to be, and with some justice, the premier hunt in India. It was started in February, 1870, and has had an unbroken history since then, with the interesting event to its record of the pack having been hunted in Kabul during the Afghan War of 1880. Like all the Hunts at home it has suffered financially from the war and has been passing through a somewhat critical stage this winter, but, thanks to the excellent sport the present



THE PESHAWAR VALE HUNT.

M.F.H. (Lieutenant-Colonel O. S. Fisher, O.B.E., R.A.V.C.) has been showing us, prospects of carrying on are now much brighter. Hounds meet twice a week at about sunrise, Thursdays and Sundays. The country is distinctly tricky, the Peshawar "gridiron" being famous; its open nature, too, offers the field unusual opportunities of watching hounds work. The pack has been reduced by the war to twelve couples, but there are a lot of very promising young hounds, bred in the kennels, coming on which will be fit for work next winter.—E. H. KEALY, Hon. Secretary Peshawar Vale Hunt.

[Though the Peshawar Vale Hunt is one of the best in India we think the Ootacamund should be described as the premier. It is certainly more famous and older. Indeed, we believe it was started in 1835 to hunt sambhur. Very soon after "jackal" became the quarry.—Ed.]

THE PINE MARTEN IN BRITAIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was interested to read Mr. Frohawk's article in your issue of March 12th. He quite rightly says that the pine marten is the species found in this country, but does not tell us the difference between the two, or why some of our pine martens have been mistaken for beech martens. The throat of the beech marten is always white, and that of the pine marten, for a short time after it changes its coat, yellow. As time goes on this beautiful yellow begins to fade, and getting paler and paler becomes almost if not quite white, until renewed again, this being the reason for the mistake, in all probability. But there are greater differences between the two species than this, the broader

cranium, shorter nose and smaller ears of the beech marten distinguishing it from the pine marten; moreover, the soles of the feet are covered with hair in the latter and quite bare in the former. Pine martens certainly still survive in the English Lake District, but the presence of a dead one in each of six traps set in a circle round a tree for a fox, not long ago, must have made a big gap in their numbers.—H. W. ROBINSON.

[We sent Mr. Robinson's letter to Mr. Frohawk, who says: "Until recent years it was generally believed that the beech marten (*Martes foina*) occurred in the British Isles; in fact, it was considered a more abundant species than the pine marten (*M. martes*); in consequence, it was also called the common marten. But it is now known that it is not a British species; therefore I purposely omitted alluding to it in my article on the pine marten. It is very probable, as Mr. Robinson says, that the colouring of the throat was the cause of the mistaken identity. Examples of the pine marten with whitish throats were undoubtedly supposed to be beech martens. The destruction of six martens as described by Mr. Robinson is deplorable news. A special Act should be passed prohibiting the destruction of our rare and vanishing animals."—Ed.]

"EARLY ANNALS OF ORNITHOLOGY."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE you were good enough to give a review of Mr. J. H. Gurney's "Early Annals of Ornithology." Unfortunately for us, you quoted the publisher as Constable instead of ourselves,

and we were wondering whether you would be so good as to insert some kind of correction.—H. F. AND G. WITHERBY.

THE POULTRY KEEPING EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Statement for week ending March 16th: Capital, £1,500; land, 3 acres. Stock: Cocks, 49; hens, 945; total, 994. 1,925lb. of food were eaten (grain £ s. d. and meal) 15 11 7 Shell and grit 0 9 0 Time paid out for labour 3 0 6

or 4.6d. per bird. 19 1 1

Carriage on eggs 3 3 3 Advertising, £6 10s.; rent, 10s.; depreciation, birds, £1; plant, £1 9 0 0

31 4 4

or 7.53d. per bird or 1.83d. per egg laid.

4,097 eggs were laid during the week. 1,977 sold for sitting, at 5.46d. ea. .. £44 19 6 1,845 sold for eating at 2.00d. ea. .. 15 7 6

3,822 £60 7 0

or 14.56d. per bird. Balance, £29 2s. 8d.

Some interesting facts: This week. Last week.

4,097 eggs produced cost 1.11d. 1.27d. ea.

Eating eggs sold for 2.00d. 2.46d. ea.

Each bird ate 30.98ozs. 31.41 ozs.

Grain and meal cost per lb. 1.94d. 2.03d.

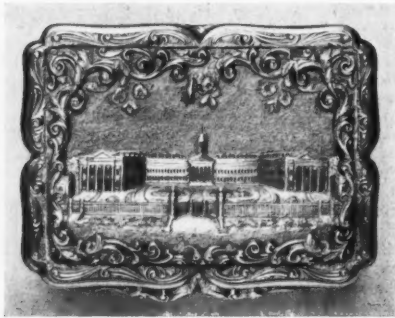
The lowest cost of eggs will be attained during the first week in April.

F. G. PAYNTER.

A SNUFF-BOX PICTURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed is a photograph of the lid of a gold snuff-box. Can any of your readers



CHELSEA HOSPITAL ON A SNUFF-BOX.

help me in locating the building shown on this lid? On the back of the snuff-box is engraved a list of names of Trustees and Governors. I have always thought it was the Bethlehem Hospital in Southwark, but on enquiry I find that this is not correct. It cannot be the Foundling Hospital.—J.

[The building in question is the river front of Chelsea Hospital, and the railing shown is the old wooden railing with the river approach. The snuff-box elevation is fairly exact to the Bowles print of Chelsea Hospital, published in 1761.—ED.]

THE BOLD CUCKOO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may interest the correspondent in your number of March 12th to know that for the last two years a cuckoo has deposited an egg in a pied wagtail's nest placed on the School House, Rugby. I noticed considerable excitement on the part of the parent bird and then saw a cuckoo hovering round, and found afterwards that in each year a boy in the school had removed a cuckoo's egg from the wagtail's nest. The nest was situated in the fork of a Virginia creeper, and could be climbed up to quite easily. The cuckoo must have laid its egg on the ground in the evening or early morning and carried it up to the nest, as there are always many boys in the Close throughout the day. After the egg had been taken the cuckoo was constantly in the vicinity of the nest, generally sitting on a cricket net. I presume that cases of cuckoos depositing an egg in a nest situated on a house are quite common, if this particular bird was prepared to do so in such a noisy place.—H. J. VAUGHAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A cuckoo of similar instincts to those recorded by Mr. Shane Leslie in your issue of March 12th frequented this neighbourhood (Shrewsbury) in 1919. We were having tea one evening during the summer of that year in a room with a west window open at the top, the blind being down. The sun was shining brightly at the time, when suddenly the shadow of a bird, apparently of the hawk tribe, was cast upon the blind. After perching on the top of the window for a few moments it flew off, but soon returned. I then went to a south window in an adjoining lobby, when I saw it was a cuckoo. In a short time it flew down into an old wistaria growing against the house, where I lost sight of it in the thick foliage about four feet from the ground. After an interval of about a minute it flew right away, when, on investigating the place, I found the nest of a pied wagtail about half built, in which after an interval of four or five days a cuckoo's egg was deposited.—E. R. T. CORBETT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In 1919 a cuckoo was reared here in a nest built on the end of a beam under the eaves of this old "black and white" cottage in Gloucestershire, within reach of our attic window. I think the foster-parents were cootits, and they worked strenuously to rear their big foster-chick. It was much too big for the nest, and tumbled out frequently—rolled down the roof of a lower part of the cottage and fell into a small enclosed yard, between the kitchen and kennel building. We replaced it on the nest many times during several days, and then placed it on a large, low bough of a horse-chestnut tree opposite the kitchen window, where the foster-parents continued to feed and tend it till it could fly, and

we lost sight of it. We always knew when it had fallen out of the nest by the noise and agitation of the foster-parents, till it was replaced in safety—especially when any of the dogs were about. It has always puzzled me to know how such a large bird as a cuckoo could lay an egg in a nest in the position I have described. It seems an almost impossible feat, even if the egg was carried to the nest, unless it used the attic window ledge or a small flat platform belonging to a chimney, to take off from. The roof is steep and of Cotswold stone tiles, and the nest was tucked away in a corner formed by the beam, and left very little room between it and the eaves. The same year, I think, a pair of swallows built a nest in a small room at the end of the kennels, open at one side to the dogs' playground and used daily for brushing and grooming the dogs. The nest rested on the top of a picture and was plastered securely to the wall. It was only about 6ft. from the floor and could be looked into by standing on a low seat underneath it. During the building the hen bird continued her work while I brushed the dogs, but her mate would not come inside while I was there. After the eggs hatched he got over his nervousness and flew in and out with food, but always rather resented my presence. Neither of them seemed to mind the dogs in the least till the young birds began to leave the nest. I would like to know if any of your readers have had a similar experience.—MAUD SCOTT.

ST. JAMES'S PARK TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is surely time that the hideous buildings, ironically called temporary, were removed from St. James's Park. In old days I always thought that there was no more charming view in London than the vista seen as one looked up the lake in this Park. Now there is no vista and no lake. The view is only of cement and weeds and the ugliest and meanest of little offices. They cannot now be necessary, and should have

been among the first to disappear. While I am on this subject I send you two photographs of old prints to show what the Park was like in old days. Hogarth's picture of the Green Park shows the east end of the Long Water in the foreground. This must have been close on the present Piccadilly front. Spencer House and Stafford House (now Lancaster House) are shown on the left; Old Buckingham House, now Buckingham Palace, on the right. The second print shows the Courtyard of Old Buckingham House and its delightful fountain, with the formal lay-out of the Long Water in the Green Park. I trust these may be of interest.—H.

RIDGING A LAWN OF DAISIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged for your advice on the most effective means, other than the tedious one of uprooting them, of ridding a lawn of daisies.—M.

[If you dress your lawn with sulphate of ammonia at the rate of 2cwt. to the acre it will help to destroy the daisies. Mix the sulphate of ammonia with sand in order to distribute it easily, and apply during damp weather.—ED.]

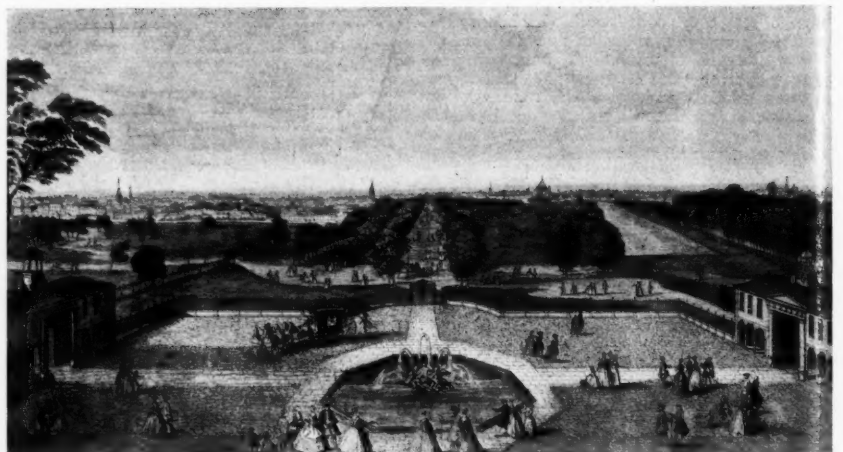
OTTER AND HERON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Is any case known of an otter killing a heron? A heron was found here (Avis-hays, near Chard) a few days ago with head and neck eaten off and the mark of having been gripped just below the neck. Foxes are plentiful in the neighbourhood, but would not be likely to take a heron with young rabbits all round. We know that an otter occasionally visits our pools, as a large eel was lately found partly eaten. The heron was found about 50yds. from the house and about the same distance from the pool, the head and neck missing. One moonlight night a fox was seen to grab at a wild duck on the bank of a pool here and, missing the duck, flopped into the water, the duck escaping unhurt.—H. H. BAGNALL.



THE GREEN PARK IN 1760.



THE COURTYARD OF OLD BUCKINGHAM HOUSE

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE LETTING OF LEEDS CASTLE

KINGS have accounted Leeds Castle in Kent worthy to be a gift to their queens, to be their place of residence, and the reward for their favourites. Edward I presented it to Queen Eleanor, and after her death to his second wife, Margaret. It belonged also to the queens of Edward II, Henry IV and Henry VI, and it was the scene of many a regal assembly. From Saxon days the place seems to have been of importance. We have before us a chronological tale of Leeds Castle, which commences with the reasons for supposing that the stronghold dates from the ninth century, and it steadily takes the observer through the intervening centuries down to 1822, which, in agreement with an old county history, is assigned as the date of the erection of the present mansion. This is two years later than the time mentioned for the rebuilding in the articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. I, page 434, and Vol. XXXIV, pages 806 and 856), but the two dates are not necessarily contradictory. The place was not rebuilt in a day, nor in a year. Leeds Castle is now to be let, partly furnished, through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., with 2,300 acres of shootings.

The estate is familiar to travellers along the London and Folkestone road, as it lies close to that much frequented track, a mile or so from Hollingbourne and six miles from Maidstone, and the castle stands in the middle of a grandly wooded park of 320 acres. Hamo de Crevecoeur received a grant of the castle in Norman times, soon after the disgrace of Odo de Bayeux, and his nephew began building the castle, which his grandson Robert finished in the reign of Richard I. It became definitely a Royal castle under Edward I, and so continued until the reign of Edward VI. Froissart spent a few days in the reign of Richard II, and in 1416 Sigismund, "Emperor of Almayne," on his homeward journey from London, after a visit to Henry V.

Henry VIII expended large sums on the castle. Edward VI granted the castle to Sir Anthony St. Leger of Ulcombe, an ancestor of the Dukes of Rutland and Leeds, whose grandson exchanged it, early in the seventeenth century, and it was subsequently sold to Sir Thomas Colepeper, whose sons sold it to the first Lord Colepeper, a confidential adviser of Charles I. The second Lord Colepeper's daughter took Leeds Castle in marriage to Lord Fairfax. The seventh holder of that title entertained George III at Leeds Castle and considerably altered the place.

Horace Walpole remarks: "The Fairfaxes fitted up a pert, bad apartment in the fore part of the castle." He did not add that they also employed "Capability Brown" to improve the grounds. Again the place eventually passed by marriage, and in 1821 General Philip Martin left Leeds and £30,000 for its restoration to Mr. Fiennes Wykeham, whose son, Mr. Wykeham Martin, prepared a private volume of the history of the property and issued it in 1869.

Three roads, from Lenham, Hollingbourne and Leeds, converge at the barbican. Within the outer enceinte was an earlier line of walls, now entirely destroyed except for the foundations, and the whole of the main island is a labyrinth of old foundations. The new building, which replaced the remains of much that was historically so precious, was constructed in 1820-22, and it was made to harmonise with its ancient surroundings, with an embattled sky-line and windows copied from the neighbouring windows of Henry VIII; but "the result is a building obviously of the eighteenth century, as it should be." Possessing "sufficient merit," the nineteenth century work "enters perfectly into the general complex of the whole," and from whatever side of the castle you look, the whole is a vision of beauty.

The Gloriette, or old castle, covers the whole of the smallest island in the middle of the lake and the walls are mirrored in the water from every point of view. The lower part is Edwardian, and the upper of the time of Henry VIII. The old chapel retains many of its original features. What is known as the Maidens' Tower is not really a tower at all, but a separate residence, said to have been used by the maids of honour to the queens of the Merry Monarch. The castle is a commodious and comfortable residence, with very full and judicious use made of the Gloriette as well, of course, as of the newer portion. The proposed rental is, it is understood, to be

1,500 guineas a year, and a tenancy for a period up to twenty-one years might be arranged. The game bags have been carefully recorded and show a very fine record of pheasants and partridges; and the fishing in the moat, through which the Len flows on its way to the Medway, is exceedingly good.

A MILE OF THE SUSSEX COAST.

THE principal picture in the particulars of the Hon. E. C. Harmsworth's Sussex coast property, for sale at Hastings next Wednesday (March 30th) by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, is one of "Waite's Farm, showing sea in the distance." It is pretty enough, but not quite the view most people know. In general, the holiday-maker at Hastings, if sufficiently athletic, approaches Fairlight by way of the cliffs, past the old castle, and the three miles make him ready for rest and refreshment at Fairlight Glen. Waite's Farm is well situated, with a wide range of views of the sea and surrounding country. There is a mile of sea frontage to the 400 acres, with here and there points at which the shore can be reached. The value of the property, however, is less in seaside development than agriculture, though it is a delightful spot at which to reside, and some of the land is near enough to Hastings to be classed as accommodation land—that is, with some prospective building value. Vacant possession may be had on completion of the purchase. At Pett, on the road from Hastings to Winchelsea, are a few cottages which come into the sale.

MANSIONS AND THEIR FURNITURE.

YESTERDAY, Lady Day, it may be mentioned, is the date from which possession is obtainable of Eastwell Park by anyone who is in the fortunate position of being able to make an acceptable offer for the estate to Lord Gerard, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The property was described in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. I, page 378), and it has been so fully referred to in these columns recently that there is no need to add anything about its character, which is pre-eminent among East Kent estates, both residentially and from a sporting standpoint. There are 4,000 acres in a ring fence, and the purchaser may take the contents of the mansion at a valuation, if he desires to do so. The advowson of the living of Eastwell and Boughton Aluph is included in the proposed sale.

An ideal way of buying a mansion is to take over with the freehold the furniture; but a buyer of Hilston Park, Monmouthshire, for sale by Mrs. E. Wright Lawley's instructions through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., would have to make up his mind very quickly, as the firm has already announced the date of the three days' auction of the contents of the house. The first day's sale will be on April 12th. There are examples of the period of William and Mary and Queen Anne, and plenty of examples of Chippendale, Sheraton, Heppelwhite and the Adam brothers. The sporting estate of 3,370 acres, with six miles of exclusive fishing in the river Monnow, awaits a buyer.

CASTLE FRASER.

CASTLE FRASER, in central Aberdeenshire, one of the finest examples of Scottish architecture, possessing an abundance of moulding and carved decoration, is for sale by Messrs. Castiglione and Scott. The oldest portion—an unadorned square tower—dates from the middle of the fifteenth century, and portions were erected in the early part of the seventeenth century, a period when the turreted style had reached its highest development in Scotland, and of which Castle Fraser is one of the best examples in existence. The old name of the domain was Muchals, Muchil, and sometimes Muckwells. The earliest known allusion to it is in the year 1268, when it is mentioned as contributing the feudal casualty of Kane to the Priory of Monymusk. The name of Fraser became connected with the domain in 1532, and from 1633 to 1720 four Frasers of Muchals bore the title of Baron Fraser, the second baron being a zealous Covenanter, whose activities make him and his stately mansion frequently conspicuous in the histories of the conflicts of this stirring period of Scottish history. The fourth baron was a zealous Jacobite, who was impeached for high treason and subsequently took part in the insurrection on behalf of the

Old Pretender. The latter was succeeded by his stepson, Charles Fraser, "Old Inverallochie," whose son, commanding the Frasers at Culloden, was shot by order of the Duke of Cumberland. The castle possesses all the improvements necessary to maintain a proper standard of comfort and luxury in a mansion of importance. The estate extends to about 3,000 acres and provides excellent shooting and salmon fishing.

FUTURE OF GWYDIR CASTLE.

THE issue of the particulars of the forthcoming auction of Gwydir Castle will establish definitely whether it is the intention to expose any portion of the noble building to the risk and indignity of dismantling. It has been hinted that, although Gwydir is to be offered as it stands, in the event of its failing to find a purchaser in that form the catalogue of what is called the "contents" may not improbably include a portion of the panelling, friezes and carved oak of the castle itself. Taking it on the lowest basis, of mere monetary results, any such effort to dismantle the castle, though restricted to some limited portion of the building, would seem to have objections, for the panelling and other features should surely be of more value in their original position than anywhere else, while, if they were sold separately and removed, their removal would deprive the castle of much of its charm and its marketable character. Gwydir Castle was mentioned in *COUNTRY LIFE* of March 12th, when the impending auction was first announced, and the property was also the subject of illustrated articles in these columns (Vol. IX page 772, and Vol. XXIII, page 942).

LONDON RELICS IN SWANAGE.

SWANAGE is in the market, or, at least as large section of the town, including many of its more or less public features, such as the Great Globe, Durlston Head Castle, Tilly Whim Caves and Wesley's Cottage. The Great Globe strikes the keynote of the Dorset resort, for it is one of the many massive works in stone executed by the late Mr. George Burt, who was head of the firm of John Mowlem and Co., the railway and public works contractors. He had a passion for stonework, and the Great Globe is a large model of the earth, tilted at the proper angle and showing its principal features.

The antiquarian will find the front of the Town Hall, one of the buildings for sale, of unusual interest, for it was once the front of the hall of the Mercers' Company in Cheapside, one of the works of Sir Christopher Wren. Mr. Burt had it moved to Swanage, and he also transferred a Gothic clock tower which at one time surmounted a toll-house on London Bridge. He intended to develop the place as a seaside resort and seems to have supposed that bits of old London would be interesting to the people whom he hoped to attract to Swanage. In the grounds of Purbeck House he placed pillars from the old Houses of Parliament, old Waterloo Bridge, Southwark Bridge, and statuary from the old Royal Exchange, referred to by Charles Lamb in "Essays of Elia," as well as some of the old wrought-iron railings from St. Paul's Cathedral. Purbeck House and 6 acres may be regarded as the best lot in the particulars, prepared by Messrs. Fox and Sons, who are to offer the estate in Swanage Town Hall on April 6th.

LISCOMBE.

LISCOMBE, Soulbury, near Leighton Buzzard, a fine house of the Elizabethan period, with chapel dating from the fourteenth century, has come into the market through the death of Mr. Ernest Robinson. For exactly six centuries, until 1907, Liscombe belonged to the Lovett family. The park extends to a couple of hundred acres.

Messrs. Waller and King announce that the freehold residence and grounds, Latimers, one of the few remaining residential properties of the kind in Southampton, was sold at their recent auction. They also intimate that other sales recently effected through their agency include Cleavelands, Bassett, with 5 acres; and Sydney, Bitterne, with 11 acres, which formerly belonged to the late Sir O'Brien Hoare.

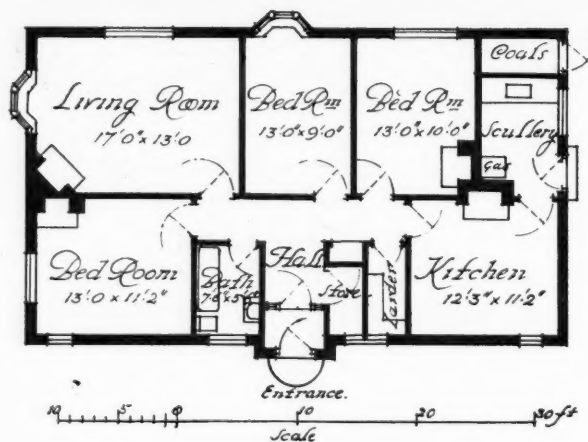
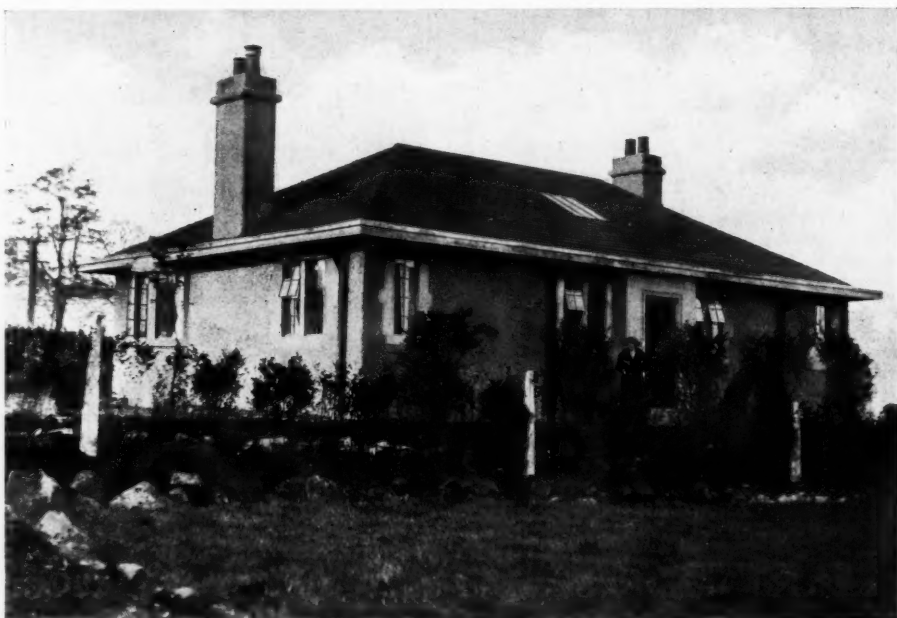
Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have sold Fields Farm, Southam, Warwickshire, of 83½ acres, which was withdrawn from auction on March 7th.

ARBITER.

BUILDING WITH CLINKER CONCRETE

AN EXPERIMENT AT SHEFFIELD.

IN the various districts of the Midlands and the North where mechanical industry has congested itself on the countryside, artificial hills of waste material from furnace and boiler are continually being piled up. Very little use can be found for this material, and so it has accumulated year after year, adding to the unsightliness. There are great heaps of it in the Sheffield district, and seeing it lying there derelict, the late Mr. C. D. Leng, a director of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, decided to experiment with it as an aggregate for concrete house building on his estate at Sandygate, high up above Sheffield on the west side. Concrete made with crushed slag or boiler ash is, of course, nothing new. Mr. Leng was well aware of that fact. He was equally well acquainted with the familiar warning that the making of concrete with an ingredient which might contain a good deal of sulphur would end in trouble—walling full of blow-holes, with consequent disintegration, cracks and weather-faultiness. But it was his belief that for the most part this warning about sulphur was one of those things which get repeated and repeated without anybody taking the trouble actually to determine how much truth really is in them. So, in 1915, he built a pair of ash-concrete cottages, at a total cost of £800, and they remain to-day perfectly sound and dry. For the aggregate, six parts of clinker ash (from the *Sheffield Telegraph* boilers) were used with one part of sand and one part of cement, the clinker having cost just half what broken stone would have cost, although there is a quarry quite close to the site. This clinker or boiler ash forms the greater part of that waste material which is tipped in the Sheffield district. Except for road foundations, nobody has wanted it. In pre-war days it was possible to have it for the asking, and at the present time it costs no more than 3s. a ton delivered on the Sandygate estate. Mr. Leng's particular interest in the matter was not, however, confined to the concrete aggregate, but embraced also the method of building. After a good deal of investigation



CLINKER CONCRETE BUNGALOW ON SANDYGATE ESTATE,
SHEFFIELD.
Arthur Nunweek.



BUILDING A WALL ON THE CALWAY SYSTEM.

he decided upon the Calway system. He had adopted this for his pair of cottages, and the success of these prompted him to embark on a larger scheme by way of further experiment on an adjacent piece of ground. This scheme comprises a lay-out of about twenty-five concrete bungalows, about a dozen of which are completed, the others being in various stages of erection. The main interest in them is the method of construction. The contrivance used consists merely of a wooden frame, easily handled and managed. This is placed upon the wall and readily adjusted, concrete is filled in, tamped down with a small rammer and levelled off. The frame is then immediately undone and slid along a movable rail for the formation of the next block or section of the wall. In one operation you form two $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. thicknesses of wall, a 2 in. air space, and a concrete tie reinforced with wire. There is no waiting for the concrete to set. One course all round the building is completed in a day, and to-morrow you may begin again on the course above. The section of wall formed at each operation is 2 ft. long by 1 ft. high, but frames of greater length and for other thicknesses of wall can be used if desired. There is no difficulty about the concrete standing when the frame is moved along, and it requires no unusual skill, the men who are doing the work having learned it on the job. The concrete is used fairly dry, and when formed the walls have a certain porous quality which assists the cavity to prevent condensation, though the weight-carrying properties are amply sufficient. The outside face can be finished with cement or rough-cast and so made absolutely waterproof. Including rough-cast on the outside and plaster within, the present cost of the walling is given as 10s. per yard super.

The system goes far to overcome the special obstacles to concrete building, besides avoiding the difficulty of obtaining skilled labour, and in any district where suitable aggregate is obtainable it is well worthy of consideration.

Mr. Leng had many disappointments in the course of his scheme, not the least of them being caused by the demobilised soldiers whom he engaged, thinking it would be good to teach them a useful trade. Unfortunately, these men would not work. There have been troubles too with the supply of cement. But matters are now, at any rate, in a fair way, and before long the whole scheme will be completed. Some little time ago new contractors took it over, and they believed they could do the work better by employing the customary form of shuttering, so that the concrete might be rammed into place in large sections; and when I visited the site some months ago there was a sort of house-building race in progress, the result of which was clearly in favour of the Calway system, the bungalows built by this system being far ahead of those built with the ordinary shuttering, although all had been started at the same time.

It is generally believed that, from the point of view of cost, the bungalow is cheaper to build than an ordinary house of two floors, but, with the extraordinary conditions prevailing to-day, this may be questioned. Whether, however, it be bungalows or two-floor houses, Mr.

Leng was thoroughly convinced that the Calway system offered the most economical and satisfactory method of concrete house building, a good man working on this system being able to do what is equivalent to laying 1,200 bricks a day.

With regard to the roofing, it may be noted that it has never been common custom in Sheffield to use boarding and felt, with the result that roofs generally are thin and unsatisfactory, but in the case of Mr. Leng's bungalows the roofs have been made windproof and snowproof with two-ply "Rok" felting stuck down with hot tar, with laths on top for the slates or tiles. This has given very good results. One of the bungalows has a concrete roof and, in this, timber is entirely eliminated, but the finishing of the roof in exact imitation of tiling, even to colouring it red, is open, I think, to criticism. But this is

only a small point. The main fact is that Mr. Leng has shown that satisfactory houses can be built with clinker concrete, and his example might well be followed. It is no use in this case, as in any other to-day, trying a test of "building for eternity." What we want are houses now, and if these houses last half a century or so, requirements can be considered as fully met (there seems to be no reason to doubt that the houses here described will last just as well as ordinary brick houses). Concrete made of boiler ash or slag may not be the very finest form of concrete that can be made, but it is concrete that is sufficiently satisfactory; certainly it is a very cheap concrete; and when combined with a method of building like the



GENERAL VIEW OF BUNGALOWS AT SANDYGATE, SHEFFIELD.

Calway system it does enable houses to be built speedily. And that is a primary need to-day.

One additional point which may be noted in connection with the Sandygate scheme is, that because some of the bungalows were commenced in 1919 it has not been possible on these to claim the Government subsidy of £260, the Act stipulating that all houses coming within the subsidy must have been commenced by April 1st, 1920. This is a futile and absurd stipulation. The all-important necessity is that houses should be *built*. It does not matter a jot when the work was started, so long as it is completed within the prescribed limit—which, despite the throwing out of the Health Ministry's Bill by the House of Lords, may be taken still as standing at December 23rd next.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.

A MARCH SALMON

BY GEORGE SOUTHCOTE.

THERE is a certain Mecca of salmon fishers in early spring, a small river on the east coast of Sutherland. Several times have I been bidden there, and never will those experiences be forgotten. First the anticipation. It would take a whole book to describe that alone, if I described it fully. Then the journey. Such a journey! The dinner at Euston, the friendly train conductors, one of whom I knew as a kindred spirit in fishing lore. The non-stop run to Rugby, the longing for sleep to come, with the promise of waking up in the wonderful air that makes Scotsmen what they are, the sleepy realisation of achievement at the sound of the Car-r-stair-r-r-s being called on a platform in the night, the vast emptiness of Perth Station, the sleep afterwards, with the determination to shave while the railway line is still mounting the gradient, so as to avoid cutting oneself severely as the speed increases on the down grade. Then the string of lochs and view of snow on the mountains, the larches, birches and dark-looking heather near the line. The brown dead bracken, snow laden. Then Kingussie. Travellers to the North of Scotland can be divided into those who know that by giving notice at Euston you can get a good breakfast basket at Kingussie and those who think that you must wait for the change at Inverness. The former, at the summit of their joyful realisation that the morning of arrival in Scotland in spring has really come, find themselves confronting a basket containing a really hot breakfast of bacon and eggs, hot tea, scones, oatcake and marmalade all wrapped in clean paper, and all of the best. They have time for a smoke, and then they change trains leisurely at Inverness. The latter arrive there in a hurry, scramble for a hasty hotel breakfast, and then hasten to the platform for the northern line with just time to find a seat and possibly none to get a newspaper. Not that that matters much, who could read one, passing along that railway line up the north-east coast? There is one spot where the

line leaves the sea and you get a glorious glimpse of salmon river, and then a view of a tree-clad gorge with glimpses of coffee-brown rushing waters and an occasional deep still pool. By that time you are so filled with the joy of life that, if you have the carriage to yourself, you *have* to get up and dance to work off some of it—at least I did regularly up to the very last trip, which was not so many years ago. Then, later on, the coastal bits again, close enough to the beach to watch the bird life thereon, the oyster-catchers showing up conspicuously among the others more soberly adorned. And then the arrival. The moment has come, and not the least of its pleasure lies in the hand-grip of the excellent gillie who was with me when I caught my first salmon, and who treats me as if the years that have passed since my last visit were only days. Soon I feel as if I had never been away from "the strath." The little town, the roads, the old bridge and the river seem to have changed very little, the people not at all. By good luck I have arrived on a day when we have the beat nearest to the station. The river is in order, and we can start almost at once. Salmon fishing is strenuous work if your muscles are soft and you use a big rod (mine is a greenheart of 17ft. 4ins. for spring work in heavy water), and it is well for the unfit on the first day to conserve all energies for the actual casting. Never shall I forget my first experience of sheer hard *work* and constantly disappointed hopes by that river. Salmon fishing is always uncertain sport, however hard you work, and I put in about six hours a day with a big rod and heavy line, sometimes in gales of wind, sometimes with the weather side of my face and body plastered with snow, and that for twelve days omitting the two "Sabbaths." Never one fish did I touch or even see in all that time, although I obeyed the precept that the one secret is to keep on at it, there being a better chance of a salmon taking your fly when in the water than when on the bank. Even luncheon was eaten when walking (almost

running) from pool to pool. Then on the eleventh day, the last chance but one, I confess that I was worn out, handed the rod to the gillie for a few minutes while I sat on the heather to eat my luncheon, and—he had a fish on in two minutes! There was some joy in playing it and meeting the strength of a fresh run salmon for the first time, but the thrilling moment of feeling the fish take, by far the best part of salmon fishing, had been missed, and the glamour of that experience had been lost. Next day, the last of the holiday, I did get a fresh run fish myself and made the acquaintance of a kelt. The next year I did well, with an average of three fish every two days, and for some extraordinary reason I hooked two-thirds of them outside the mouth. Why I do not know, possibly because of trout fishing methods, but it has always been a puzzle to me. My salmon fishing experiences have been few and far between, and I always thought that part of the game was a tremendous sprint for a mile or more with the constant danger of a break, but in that river I have only known one fish leave the pool he was hooked in, and that one was a 7-pounder, foul-hooked in the back, that took me for a welcome sprint over heather, down-stream, for about 200 yds. on a very cold day. One other fish made a sudden fast rush up-stream the instant he was hooked, and he played fiercely for some time. He weighed 18 lb., and was pronounced by experts to be a bull trout. To my mind the horrible

"jigging" in which some salmon indulge provides the most thrilling experience in playing them. It brings your heart into your mouth, it feels as if they were rubbing the gut against a rock or something to wear it out.

But to get back to the strath on that first day of a holiday in March with every sense keen and the feeling that at every cast a fish may come. One did, on the occasion that I am thinking of, in the first pool. However keen you may be when salmon fishing, you are keener as you approach a spot where you had a fish or a touch before than you are at other times. The best bit of that pool was about half-way down, and there, the first time down (taking the usual step after every cast), I felt a little pluck, it was no more. I made a heel-mark in the turf under the heather there, reeled in, and walked back again, waited for what seemed to be a very long time and fished down to the same spot again. Every step nearer to the mark the excitement increased. One yard after I reached it, having almost abandoned hope, he came, was hooked, played and landed within about nineteen hours of leaving London. A surprising bit of fortune which few have the good luck to experience with March salmon in that or any other river, and it is wonderful how such luck sustains one for many days in the belief that a fish may come at every cast, whether disappointed for a while or not.

"COUNTRY LIFE" SHOOTING COMPETITION ETON.

SHOOTING at Eton loses nothing through want of keenness and efficiency on the part of all concerned, but it undoubtedly suffers from the need of a covered range appropriate to the proud record held by the school in this department of sport and also of military service. Captain Horton's lecture theatre is adorned with boards inscribed with names which are historically connected with

to drive. My visit was paid on February 17th, by which time the first thirty candidates for the COUNTRY LIFE team had been reduced to the more compact number of fourteen. I found the assembled competitors a painstaking and proficient lot, some of them having already proved their quality by good work at the last Bisley meeting. The standard of scoring reached is already much in advance of last year's, and should ensure for the team a high place in the list.

In the afternoon I visited the indoor range, which is a spacious enough apartment reached by outside steps, but lacking those little structural adaptations which make so much difference to the quality of the result produced. An indoor range is, at this school peculiarly essential, partly because there are 1,100 boys to put through a compulsory course, and partly, again, because river mists frequently make outdoor work uncomfortable, not to say impossible. In the dark days of winter the indoor range permits excellent use to be made of the ample leisure available. The main obstacle to improving the range is the heavy burden of tradition. Buildings must not be altered while sites for new edifices are not available. Even so, I would be vandal enough to fit top lights in this upper floor of the gymnasium, and would certainly add a proper system of ventilation to carry off the smoke. Whether or not these amenities may some day materialise, I should certainly whiten the interior so as to rid the place of its gloomy, funereal appearance. At present the 6in. card targets stand out as so many glinting surfaces of light in a dark background.

Practice in the indoor range is wholly conducted with B.S.A. bolt rifles of ancient lineage, for Eton suffers from the fashionable ailment of straitened circumstances. One rifle I tested, though not possessing a very inviting interior, made a fine group firing over a rest, and it functioned perfectly—not a bad performance for a barrel having a conspicuous ring-bulge



ETON'S OUTDOOR 25 YARDS RANGE.

rifle shooting. Fremantle, now Lord Cottesloe, Mellish, generations of Pixley's (one of my guides proudly informing me that he was nephew to the head of the clan)—in fact, without reciting more names, it is sufficient to say that we find here the nucleus of the great organisation which led the Volunteer movement and proved by example the results to be gained by assiduous practice on the ranges. The great feats of the past were prepared for in the main with full power weapons, but since the Morris tube gave place to a solid-structure barrel and the .22 came into being miniature distances have attained an importance to which Eton's range equipment has not as yet done adequate justice.

Sergeant-Major Williams and his capable assistants are not daunted by these obstacles. The first named has a keen nose for scenting out the future marksman, and however junior may be his status in the school he is given every encouragement to develop the power which has been discovered latent within him. Sergeant-Major Williams reckons that every man should know his gun, even if it is only his for the time being and shared with countless others. His system is to locate the mean adjustment for every rifle, and to ascertain from each boy's own shooting the extent to which his method of sighting or handling produces divergencies. The result in terms of adjustment is recorded, and the boy is required to make a note of the serial number of the rifle and to see that for the future he uses no other, adjusting it before use in the manner previously found to be necessary.

There are three ranges at Eton, one located in the gymnasium roof—to this alone the above strictures apply; the second, as shown in our illustration, was specially erected for use in matches, and is good in all respects; the third is the full-distance range, which I hope to inspect on some future occasion. The outdoor range is excellently situated, being beside the railway arches and on the field where budding Eton golfers first essay



EXAMINING THE TARGETS.

just beyond the breach. In one respect this range is unique, every firing position is provided with a high-power telescope giving a perfect view of the target. Every boy can thus spot his own shots without having to implore aid from onlookers armed with field-glasses.

MAX BAKER.